

# THE AMADOR LEDGER

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## A THOUSAND A YEAR

By Frank H. Sweet

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A flash across an open space so quick between coveys and doves as to leave only an impression of bush tail and pointed nose and then a wild chorus of discovering yelps, accompanied by a dozen forms plunging frantically across the open space and into the chinquapin bushes beyond.

But fifty feet farther on was an outcropping hedge broken by crevices and tunnels into a natural and safe hiding place for the hunted. From the time the fox had been started, an hour before, its winding and doubling course had been tending gradually toward this asylum, as if with an idea that after playing with the dogs until weary of the sport or perhaps feeling the need of rest it could whisk into safety. For the last few minutes the fox had tantalizingly checked its speed until the open jaws of the pack almost closed upon the bushy tail; then, with a sudden jaunty tilt, the brush rose into the air as if in parting salute and with its owner dropped into one of the narrow crevices, leaving the pack yelping its disappointment without. A few minutes later two horses with their riders crossed the space and came to a stop among the dogs.

"I am glad he escaped, even if it isn't sportsmanlike," laughed one of them. "I felt sure the dogs would get him at the open back there, they were so close. It was a narrow escape."

"I'm not so sure of that, Miss Bristow," the other answered. "The fox struck me as looking too fresh for such dangerous propinquity to be natural. I've an idea his plans were all laid regarding this ledge and that he was merely amusing himself with the dogs. Shall I call them off and start them in search of a new scent? Nothing can draw this fox from his stronghold now."

"No; wait until papa comes. His falling behind meant that his horse went lame, and he probably has gone back to the stable for another. He will join us before long."

She touched her horse lightly, urging him to the top of the ledge, from which they could look down into the valley. Allan followed closely.

"It is one of the most beautiful spots I ever saw," he said as his gaze swept over the broad, fertile acres of the farm to the lofty ridges that inclosed it on every side. "You have the grandeur of wild, untouched nature joined to the charm of peaceful rural life—a rare combination."

His eyes left the valley and came back to her, with an expression in them that made her turn away with a half smile. Allan had been here two months now and in that time had learned things that had not hitherto entered into his plans for a livelihood. His hand trembled slightly as it checked the restiveness of his horse.

"Yes; it is beautiful here, and we are happy," she answered, but there was trouble in her voice. Then with sudden rally: "You ought to be happy, too, Mr. Tisdale, if, as they say, it is prosperity that makes happy. We had a letter from Emmet yesterday, and he writes glowingly of your mine. He thinks there is a lot of money in it. And," looking at him inquiringly, "he writes as though he might purchase an interest in the mine."

Allan's face became grave. "I hope not," he answered. "I like your brother Emmet too well to wish him such bad luck. He broached the subject to me once, and I put him off. I thought perhaps his management of the mine for awhile would disenchant him. Emmet's great fault is being too sanguine, though, with a grimace. "I was somewhat that way myself, I suppose."

"The mine didn't pay?"

"It has cost me a thousand a year above my income so far, and—"

He stopped suddenly, for she was laughing, irresistibly, it seemed.

"I beg your pardon," she gasped, checking herself with an effort. "I something struck me as very funny. But please go on. I will not laugh any more. A thousand a year, you said?"

"Yes," looking at her curiously, "above the income I receive from England. I wouldn't like Emmet to incur the same loss. As soon as I get back I shall try to sell. The machinery will be worth a small sum. And," his face kindling and his eyes again sweeping over the valley and back to her face, "I have found it. I always liked agriculture, but never realized it could show up to such advantage as it does here. My idea was that farmers had to keep hold of plow handles and things, but your father doesn't do anything except go fox hunting and read magazines and listen to his foreman's report, and only this morning he told me that he had no other resources than the farm. I—I have been thinking of it all the morning. I will buy a valley just like this somewhere in the neighborhood and be a farmer, and with what I have we—I can soon build a nice house." He paused, looking embarrassed, then went on hurriedly, "If I can make a living it is enough for me, I mean—I will you—will you help me, Lois?"

She had thrown up her hand, as though to stop him.

"Wait a minute, Mr. Tisdale," she cried impetuously. "I had not intended to tell you, but I must now. You must not try farming for a livelihood, I mean. Our farm looks prosperous, and I love the valley here better than any place in the world, but—well, we have been running behind a thousand a year ever since we bought the place. That was what made me laugh when you said you were losing a thousand. It seemed so funny. You must not try farming for a living. As to the rest, I—I," her face flushing rosily, "am willing to help you, Allan."

She looked at him shyly, but his face had suddenly grown stern. He shook his head hopelessly.

"I must take it all back, Lois," he groaned. "I cannot make a living for one. But here comes your father."

Mr. Bristow reined in beside them, his face inquiring.

## Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington D. C., March 31, 1906.

For the moment at any rate, the question of the coal strike has taken precedence even of the rate bill discussion. It is not that Washington is any more directly affected than any other city in the country, but it is the city where a great many legislators are directly affected by the threatened change in prices. There are two classes of congressmen, one which is affected by a change in prices and one which is not. All congressmen are not rich, strange as it may seem to the outsider. Some are even dead poor and live in boarding houses, where they are not directly affected by the change in the price of coal, but where they will have the subject dinned into their inner consciousness by the lamentations of their landlady. Others who are not directly affected are at the other end of the social scale and do not particularly care whether coal is four dollars a ton or eight dollars. But there are a great number of representatives and a sprinkling of senators who live in houses of their own, and who are affected by a change in the price of household commodities. It is these gentlemen who more than any others will have to do with legislation, if it comes in connection with the coal situation.

"I'll take all that back once more," he cried, "what I said last. I can make a living, and I can help me." Then to his puzzled host: "Don't you sell the farm, sir. There won't be any need. I thought Lois—she's promised to be my wife, you know—meant pounds. That's what I've been losing. But yours are dollars—dollars. Don't you see the difference will be nearly four thousand—dollars? That will be a nice profit for us, with what the farm yields. I will buy part of the valley, or the whole of it if you like, or we will live on it together."

Mr. Bristow was choking. "You and Lois may fix that up between you," he gasped at last. "The problem is too complicated for me. But I'm glad the valley isn't to be sold. Now let us get the dogs on a new scent. The foxes will be getting old and fat if we leave them like this."

### A Buttered Book.

How the Rev. Mr. Johnston, a Scottish minister and the author of numerous books, succeeded in getting one of his works reviewed by Alexander Russell, the distinguished editor of the Scotsman, is told by the writer of "Famous Editors."

A member of Mr. Johnston's congregation was an old and valued servant in Mr. Russell's family. When the preacher published his new book he asked this member to bring it under the notice of her master, with the request to review it in the columns of the Scotsman. Glad to be of service to her master, the good woman lost no time in making her wish known to the celebrated editor and next morning placed "The Gospel Roll" beside his breakfast cup.

When at breakfast, Mr. Russell took up the book and remarked, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "Helen, this is an awful dry roll which you have given me this morning."

"Perhaps it is, sir," the servant quickly replied, "but you can butter it well on both sides."

Next morning an excellent review appeared.

### The Dance.

In his "Die Anfänge der Kunst" ("The Beginnings of Art") Dr. E. Grosse investigates primitive art and its sociological aspects. He shows how in the dance there was social evolution. The dance was among savages a significance and value which civilized races do not appreciate. The dance originally might not have been for the pleasure it gave. That came later. At first the dance may have been one of the preparatives for war or a propitiatory act. Anyhow it brought men together and became a social factor. It must have gone, too, hand in hand, or rather, foot by foot, with music. At first such music was simply rhythmic. Possibly all the early hunting folks danced. We may not today deem dancing an art, but it was a motive power. It must have helped to bring about personal decoration, and then came the first faint glimmer of an aesthetic conception.

### The Woos of a Beekeeper.

A German beekeeper undertook to carry some of his choicest bees to a bee show. He took a train in Hanover with his bees in a basket at his feet. The bees escaped from the basket and crawled up his trousers legs. His actions soon aroused suspicions in the hearts of two women who occupied the same compartment with him. They pulled the bell cord and stopped the train. When the bee fancier explained the situation he was placed in an empty compartment to have it out with the bees all by himself. Here he removed his trousers and began shaking them out of the window to free them of the swarm. Unfortunately they caught a telegraph pole and were swept away, bees, money and all. At the next station the irate station master brought forth the reluctant bee fancier in a rug, and he pawned his watch to acquire decent raiment to walk back along the line in search of his bees and trousers.

### A Question.

"You'll let me come to your wedding, dear, of course?"

"Well, I can't promise. My people are so enraged at my choice that I hardly know whether I shall be allowed to go myself."

### A Dyer.

He—Do you think blondes have more admirers than brunettes? She—I don't know. You might ask Miss Turner. She has had experience in both capacities—New Yorker.

### Division of Profits.

Litigant—You take nine-tenths of the judgment? Outrageous! Lawyer—I furnished all the skill and eloquence and legal learning for your cause. Litigant—But I furnished the cause. Lawyer—Oh, anybody could do that!

### A Reflection.

Mother—Well, what is it? Tommy—How lucky pumpkin pie ain't made like doughnuts, with a hole in the middle!—Harper's Bazar.

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coal. But there is always the danger in the background that some reckless congressman will spring the proposition to take possession of the coal fields and to make them as much a part of the government service as is the post office and that he will spring it at the psychological moment when the measure will become a law.

It seems while there has been a very general hurrah in the Navy Department over the prospect of this government having the biggest battleship in the world and while most naval officers are in accord with Admiral Dewey and would like to see a 20,000 ton battleship built, there is a current of resistance under the surface and there is a faction in the department that would prefer to see two 16,000 ton ships in place of the one 20,000 tonner. Their line of reasoning is simple. They say that with one immense ship the country is carrying too many eggs in one basket and also that to keep up well balanced squadrons, their navy must have more battle ships to co-operate with the cruisers. This is a question for naval experts and one which even naval experts cannot definitely decide but which must be left to the hard and expensive school of experience. The adverse view is given, however, for the sake of keeping up with both sides of the controversy and the matter will ultimately have to be settled on the floor of the House where majority of members, like the historical secretary of the navy, do not know whether or not a battle ship is hollow.

Artificial silk—of which the daily production is now seven tons, or five per cent of the total consumption of silk—is practically pure cellulose to which the superficial luster of natural silk has been given. I. Derome, a French authority, finds four principal varieties.—(1) those from nitro-cellulose or gun-cotton; (2) hydrate of copper silks, from cellulose dissolved in Schweizer's liquid or copper ammonia; (3) chloride of zinc silks, from cellulose dissolved in zinc chloride; and (4) viscose silks, from the decomposition of sulphocarbonate of cellulose. The best of these silks are about half as strong as the natural, while the chief fault of all is their great weakening by dampness. They cost less than a third as much as real silk, [viscose being claimed to be the cheapest, and also strongest and most lustrous, and to be insoluble in water, acids and alkalies.

A four-inch black disc, marked with a white cross and rotated 50 to 60 times a second, has been used by a German physicist at night for studying lightning flashes. Some flashes caused the cross to appear once, others brought it out several times, and repeated observations confirmed the view that the discharge is very variable. The duration of some seemed to be about 1-1000 of a second, while in one instance eight partial discharges followed each other at regular intervals of about 1-1000 of a second. Others were shorter, and some were evidently not more than 1-35000 of a second. Faraday thought flashes were at least one second long.

The latest chair for the victim of sea-sickness has a movable seat vitreated by an electric motor, the sensation produced being much like that experienced by the motorist. Surprising relief to the sufferers is said to be given.

The novel recuperative boiler lately awarded a prize by the Paris Academy of Sciences is able to supply steam for several hours after the fire has been extinguished. It is the idea of M. Maurice, engineer-in-chief of the French Marine, and it depends upon the heat storage of a mixture of salts having a great specific heat, this mixture being placed around the tubular system of the boiler and having its temperature raised to about 450 degrees C. during the firing. This method of storage offers great economy in both weight and space over the old plan of using reservoirs of superheated water. After the accumulation is used, a new reserve quickly follows the starting of the fire, and the advantages are believed to be specially important for the marine and for electric stations.

The new alchemy assumes that elements of great atomic weight breaks up into substances of lighter atoms, but thus far the only transmutations observed have been the changes of radium and actinium into an emanation, of which about seven per cent seems to form helium. What becomes of the remaining 93 per cent of the emanation is not yet proven, although there are reasons for believing that lead is a part of the product. In the atomic disintegration the energy given out far surpasses all previous experience, and it is estimated that if a fragment of radium could be made to complete its change instantaneously the result would be an explosion millions of times more terrific than that of gun-cotton.

Carbon suboxide, the new oxide of carbon obtained by two chemists of Berlin University, contains three

## THE RED FRONT

Jackson's Cheapest Dry Goods Store.

RESOLVED—We the people of the Red Front Store, in order to get the trading public interested in our store, to see our large and new line of goods, do hereby agree to give the best values in merchandise obtainable, and it is further stipulated that our prices shall be of the lowest.

Only one more thing! We want you to come in and see for yourself that we mean and do what we say.

### A FEW INTERESTING ITEMS ABOUT OUR STOCK.

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Same made of linen, same mill, short sleeves and otherwise.

Silk waist, \$2.50 and up.

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Buster Brown or Norfolk Suits, would be reasonable at \$3.50, our price is \$2.50.

Ladies' white Under-skirt, lace or embroidery, this Saturday and all next 50c week. Big Bargain.

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\$12.50 Suit for men, equal to any \$18.50 or \$20 suit elsewhere. Perfect fit guaranteed, and the quality we vouch for.

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Correct styles in Corsets

#### Main street,

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To fit everybody. Our stock is replete and complete with the latest styles, and we carry more varieties than some exclusive Shoe Stores. The prices are set in the usual way the Red Front does things—at the lowest prices.

#### RED FRONT.

Jackson's Cheapest Dry Goods Store.

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#### MEN'S FURNISHINGS

A big line of Men's Pants

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Seeking Life's Source.

atoms of carbon to two of oxygen, and at ordinary temperature is a gas, which burns in the air with a smoky flame, has a penetrating odor like mustard oil, and violently attacks the eyes, nose and respiratory organs. On cooling a few degrees, it condenses to a colorless, highly refractive liquid. Sealed in a glass tube, it slowly changes, and finally becomes a dark red solid.

Water-pipes are usually protected from freezing by the use of such non-conducting materials as straw, cork and oakum. In a new French method, a layer of straw, sawdust or tan bark is first placed around the pipe, and pieces of unslaked lime as large as the fist are then packed around this coating and enveloped in a layer of non-conducting material, the whole being held together by a wrapping of coarse linen. The inside layer serves simply to protect







## Ruhser's Headache Powders

25c per Box.

A quick relief; a complete relief; a relief that has no bad effects. Suited to all persons, whether suffering from old chronic headaches or temporary attacks. Perfectly safe; does not contain any injurious ingredient. Revives those who are overworked and exhausted. Induces restful sleep. Prevents and overcomes nervousness, nausea and insomnia. Disperses neuralgia. Is the best remedy for acute and chronic headaches that we have ever handled. None better, safer or more reliable. We have a large demand for this remedy because it does its work well. You can depend on it every time.

**CITY PHARMACY,**  
F. W. RUHSER, Jackson, Cal.

### TEMPERATURE AND RAINFALL

This table gives the highest and lowest temperature in Jackson for each day, together with the rainfall, as recorded by self-registering instruments kept at the Ledger office:

Date.	Temp. L. H.	Rainfall.	Date.	Temp. L. H.	Rainfall.
April (06).	32-55	0.00	April 17 (06).	32-55	0.00
1.	31-62	0.00	18.	31-62	0.00
2.	30-63	0.00	19.	30-63	0.00
3.	30-63	0.00	20.	30-63	0.00
4.	30-63	0.00	21.	30-63	0.00
5.	30-63	0.00	22.	30-63	0.00
6.	30-63	0.00	23.	30-63	0.00
7.	30-63	0.00	24.	30-63	0.00
8.	30-63	0.00	25.	30-63	0.00
9.	30-63	0.00	26.	30-63	0.00
10.	30-63	0.00	27.	30-63	0.00
11.	30-63	0.00	28.	30-63	0.00
12.	30-63	0.00	29.	30-63	0.00
13.	30-63	0.00	30.	30-63	0.00
14.	30-63	0.00	31.	30-63	0.00
15.	30-63	0.00			

Total rainfall for season to date... 29.66 inches  
Corresponding period last season 41.25

### LOCAL NEWS

J. F. Wilson, Dentist, Hours 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Phone—Office, black 4; residence, black 523; Jackson. Pay your taxes, before the last Monday in April, and thereby avoid the penalty for delinquency.

Easter Sunday divine service will be held in St. Augustine's church Sunday morning next at 11 o'clock. Holy communion will be celebrated. All are cordially invited to attend.

Mrs. Lemin and son Ernest, went to Sacramento Tuesday morning, to see Thomas Lemin's sister, Mrs. Rigg, who is here from the east to take them a visit.

Call and see the immense new stock "Pete Piccard's". John Calahan, a druggist from Oakland, is attending the Spagnoli drug store during the temporary absence Mr. Righter.

A letter was received here this week stating that Herbert Meeks, son of C. Meek of this city, while working the App mine in Tuolumne county, Saturday, fell, and broke his leg over the ankle; also dislocating the knee joint. He is in the county hospital at Sonoma. The misfortune will lay him up for a couple of months or more.

Charley Valvo, who has been confined to his bed for ten days, is able to be on the street again.

Margaret McDonald, a cousin of Mrs. Charles Ginochco, came up from Oakland Saturday evening, to spend vacation here, as her school has a mid-term vacation.

B. R. Breese returned to Oakland Sunday morning. He was called on account of the illness and death of his sister, Mrs. F. A. Duden. Mrs. Lily French went to Santa Cruz Monday morning, as a delegate to represent the local lodge of Degree Honor.

New summer shirts and drawers for cents, or 40 cents a suit. Jackson shoe store.

A case of diphtheria has developed town, the patient being Hubert Arelia, the oldest child of Mr. and Mrs. Chris Marelia. The doctor pronounced it a case of this dreadful disease on Sunday. The boy is about 2 years of age. He attended school up to the close of last week. There was no school Monday, partly on account of this case of diphtheria, and partly because of the advent of the circus, as the attendance would be very small on account of this great amusement attraction. The school buildings were thoroughly fumigated today, and every precaution has been taken to prevent the spread of its scourge.

Get the weak spots in your old nassess patched at Pete Piccard's.

Challen R. Parker, representing N. Halsey & Co. bankers of San Francisco, was in Jackson yesterday, in the interest of that financial concern. (Give us daily some good bread. Pioneer is the best.)

C. W. Wait, for many years engaged in mining around Pine Grove, was in town from Columbia, Tuolumne county, last Monday, in company with another gentleman interested in mining, whom he brought over to look into the mineral resources hereabouts. Mr. Wait is not so enthusiastic over the mineral outlook in Tuolumne county. He believes Amador is a much more promising field for the investment of capital in this particular line. He thinks of returning to Amador in the near future.

Will Norman went to San Francisco last Thursday. He will return by way of Placerville, stopping in that place for a short visit.

The post office authorities are thinking of discontinuing the mail route between here and Paloma. Some of the citizens have taken it in and are circulating a petition, which is being signed by all of those along the route on the Amador side. His petition, praying for the continuance of the service, will be forwarded to Washington shortly.

The afternoon tea, in connection with St. Augustine's Guild will meet with Mrs. Schwartz, on Broadway next Wednesday afternoon.

### School Census Marshals.

The following have been appointed to take the school census in their respective districts. The census must be taken between the 15th and 30th of April, and each district officer is required to make his report to the school superintendent on or before the 10th day of May.

Aetna, Miss Kate J. Driscoll.  
Amador City, Mrs. E. J. Liddicoat.  
Antelope, Mrs. A. E. Lesley.  
Bridgeport, Mrs. H. E. Tyler.  
Buena Vista, Mrs. Emma A. Gower.  
Charleston, Miss Janie D. Fitzgerald.  
Clinton, Mrs. Wilhelmie Ehlers.  
Drytown, Mrs. Maggie Reeves.  
Eaterprise, Ethel Etey.  
Forest Home, Mrs. M. H. Huffman.  
Franklin, Mrs. Minnie H. Goodman.  
Gilbert, Mrs. E. C. McCormick.  
Grapevine, Mrs. Martha Barney.  
Ione, Mrs. Susie Amick.  
Jackson, Ella M. Conlon.  
Jackson Valley, Miss Alemana Burris.  
Lancha Plana, Mrs. Lizzie Adams.  
Milligan, Mrs. Rosa Beauchemin.  
Oleta, Mrs. C. Brown.  
Oneida, Mrs. J. W. Thompson.  
Pine Grove, Mrs. R. E. Luttrell.  
Pioneer, Miss Mabel E. Phillips.  
Plymouth, Mrs. Emma Wheeler.  
Slate Creek, Robert B. White.  
Spring Valley, Mrs. C. H. Vanderpool.  
Stony Creek, Eugene C. Meyers.  
Sutter Creek, John Lithgow.  
Middle Bar, J. L. Sargent.

### Bad Indeed.

Losing flesh is indeed a bad sign. Take Scott's Emulsion for it. For weak indigestion, for defective nourishment, for consumption, take Scott's Emulsion. It restores flesh because it strikes to the cause of the loss.

### Funeral of Mrs. Duden.

The funeral of Mrs. F. A. Duden, who died on Friday last week from typhoid fever, was held Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Short services were conducted at the residence, Rev. C. E. Winning officiating, the choir rendering several pieces suitable to the sad occasion. The procession was formed, and proceeded to the grave, where the burial service was read, and the choir sang "Near my God to thee." The procession was large, testifying to the appreciation of the public of the worth and usefulness of the deceased. She was a member of the Native Daughters, and the members attended largely as individuals. Everything was conducted in a simple and solemn manner, without display or ostentation, but every one was impressed with the conviction of the deep feeling of the great loss the community has sustained in the early departure of this useful woman from the activities of life. Mrs. Breese, the mother, was so prostrated with grief that she was unable to attend. Besides the other members of the family in Jackson, there were many relatives from beyond the county, including B. R. Breese, the only brother, Mrs. Duden, mother-in-law, Miss Alice Duden and E. F. Duden, also Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Warren, all relatives of deceased by marriage.

### To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

### School Trustees Elected.

School trustees were elected in the respective districts at the election last Friday as follows: The figures represent the term of years. Where no figure is given the trustee is elected for full term of three years.

Antelope, A. E. Lesley.  
Charleston, C. P. Jordan, 1 year.  
Charleston, Geo. Fitzgerald, 2 years.  
Charleston, George Miller.  
Grapevine, Charles O. Ybright.  
Lancha Plana, P. J. Sheridan.  
Mount Echo, H. J. Vicini.  
Mt. Springs, Geo. H. Seamaus, 1 year.  
Mt. Springs, D. T. Kerr.  
Oleta, J. C. Deaver, 1 year.  
Oleta, William Brown.  
Slate Creek, John E. Brown.  
Spring Valley, J. M. Ybright.  
Aetna, A. L. Stewart.  
Charity, James Arvise.  
Clinton, John Cuneo.  
Clinton, Angelo Zuccone, 2 years.  
Franklin, F. A. Goodman.  
Jackson, George Kirkwood.  
Milligan, T. J. Beauchemin.  
New York Ranch, W. K. McFarland.  
New York Ranch, J. J. Nichols.  
Volcano, August Grillo.  
Union, M. R. Bacon.  
Carbondale, E. Christofferson.  
Sutter Creek, Humphrey R. Jones.  
Ione, W. M. Amick.  
Williams, Geo. A. Upton, 2 years.  
Williams, C. H. Currier.  
Pine Grove, H. Griffin.  
Stony Creek, C. Courtright.  
Willow Springs, Henry Grellish.  
Amador City, Charles Gillis.  
Camp Opra, K. E. Horton.  
Jackson Valley, S. D. Sutliff, 1 year.  
Jackson Valley, W. S. Alford.  
Pigeon Creek, Ralph Dillon.  
Buena Vista, F. W. Fitzsimmons.  
Julian, Mrs. Mary Diebold.  
Mt. Springs, Eva Kerr.  
Union, Mrs. M. R. Bacon.  
Volcano Mrs. Thos. Laverone.  
Williams Mrs. Mary Davis.  
Pigeon Creek, Mrs. W. H. Shark.  
Middle Bar, J. Boitano.

25 cents off on our entire stock of new shirt waists, eight days' sale. Jackson Shoe Store.

A. Witte with family, who were burned out Monday, expect to reside in Sutter Creek with his wife's brother, Thos. Muford, until he has time to see about going to house-keeping again.

Charles Gall one of the drummers for Sperry Flour Mills, who was here a couple of weeks ago, has typhoid at his home in Stockton.

A miner known as Sharky, employed at the Oneida, ran a candlestick through his wrist, while at work a few days ago.

Mrs. John Dohman of Placerville is visiting in Jackson.

Mrs. Fannie Bonney returned home last Sunday, from San Francisco, and leaving her daughter, Mrs. Lowenthal, who has been very ill, very much improved in health.

Charles Horton, a native of Amador county, died in Stockton on April 7, of an abscess on the base of the brain, after an illness of one week. He was 27 years of age and a member of Ione Lodge of Foresters. He leaves a large circle of relatives and many acquaintances in this county. He was married to Miss Clorinda Tetherington of Valley Springs, about three years ago, who survives him.

When you wish the finest flavored coffees and teas, remember that W. J. Nettie keeps only the best.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *W. J. Nettie*  
Unclaimed Letters.  
In Jackson Post Office, April 13, 1906.  
Andrea Baridi, D. Cross, Domenico Cerri, Baridi Dillon, Antonio Franco, J. Holman, W. J. Thomas.  
Mining Stock For Sale.  
7500 shares stock in Hanlow Mining Company at 5 cents per share in blocks of not less than 2500 shares. Address box 310, Stockton, Cal.



### City Election.

The election for city officers of Jackson was held Monday, April 9. There was very little interest taken in the matter, as there was really no contest on the trustees. There were six names on the ballot, and five to elect. B. F. Taylor, however, was really not in the race, as he is announced to a number of voters that he did not want the office, and requested them not to vote for him. There is no doubt that had he merely intimidated his willingness to accept the position he would have been elected by a substantial majority.

The only contest was for the clerkship between Jas. Wright present incumbent, and L. J. Glavinovich. There was not much electioneering done on this score. Glavinovich was small with 17 votes to spare. The vote was out, not more than 50 per cent of the total vote being polled.

The officers elected for the ensuing term are Trustees—W. Tam, W. L. Kent, W. M. Penry, V. S. Garbarini and Harry Leam.

Clerk and assessor—L. J. Glavinovich.

Treasurer—Frederick Eudy.  
Marshal and tax collector—F. E. Jackson.

The complete vote was as follows:

Names	1st	2d	3d	Total
Trustees				
W. Tam	70	50	80	195
W. M. Penry	83	52	70	205
W. E. Kent	83	50	70	203
V. S. Garbarini	78	45	71	194
Harry Leam	66	51	42	159
B. F. Taylor	42	31	48	121
City clerk				
Jas J. Wright	50	26	36	112
L. J. Glavinovich	44	36	47	127
Treasurer				
Frederick Eudy	85	52	73	210
Marshal and Tax Collector				
F. E. Jackson	89	52	73	214

The trustees will meet next Monday as a canvassing board, to canvas the returns and declare the result. Thereupon the newly elected officials will be required to file bonds, and immediately thereafter enter upon the duties of their office.

### Has Stood the Test 25 Years.

The old, original Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. You know what you are taking. It is iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure no pay. 50c.

### Chapter of Accidents.

Last Friday at the Froelich ranch near Martell's station, a man named David Usher was the victim of a peculiar and severe accident. He was engaged in pulling a four-horse wagon out of the barn. One of the hubs of the wheels struck the door of the barn, which caused the tongue of the wagon to swing round with considerable force, striking Usher in the side, and fracturing two ribs.

One of the ribs was driven into the lungs, which makes the case a much more serious one. The victim is about 60 years of age.

H. S. Allen, who has been doing some asphalt painting for roofs in this neighborhood, while doing some work at the Froelich place early this week, fell from a roof. Fortunately he landed on his feet, and his injuries are not serious, one foot being sprained and bruised so as to necessitate a lay off for a few days.

Tom Ryan in trying to save a child from falling from a porch rail upon which it had mounted to watch the circus pass last Monday, lost his balance and fell, bruising his face somewhat, but nothing serious. The child escaped unharmed.

### The Ledoux Case.

C. H. Crocker, senior counsel for the defendant in the Ledoux murder case, left for Stockton again yesterday morning, on business relating to that celebrated case. He will remain there until Monday, which is the day fixed for the defense to plead to the indictment. Mr. Crocker goes to consult his brother counsel in regard to the course of pursuit. Probably a motion to quash the indictment, also a demurrer will be put in, and every technicality taken advantage of in the defendant's interest. The plan of defense at the trial is still an open question. Rumor says the defense will claim that McVicar committed suicide, and that Mrs. Ledoux adopted the trunk method of conveying the remains to Jackson as the easiest and least expensive. C. H. Crocker expects to get through with the arraignment in time to return home on Monday.

A fatal accident occurred at the Keystone mine at Amador City on Wednesday morning, the victim being John B. Merlino, a miner. He was working in the 600 foot level, when a rock fell from the side causing a cave. He was directly in its course, and the debris struck him in the head and breast crushing the life out of him in an instant. Coroner Hubert went over the same day and held an inquest, with the following as jurors: H. T. Coster, Thomas Canepa, Sam Berlee, Martin Gillich, S. C. Tattle, F. M. Bryant, Eli Balos, W. R. Green and B. White. A verdict of accidental death was returned and the company was exonerated from all blame in the matter. Deceased was a widower, and leaves three daughters and one son, his wife having died several years ago. He was 54 years of age. The funeral will take place in Sutter Creek on Sunday.

Charles Ross, a quarter-breed Indian, laid violent hands upon his own life at his home near the Bay State mine, four miles north of Plymouth, on Friday afternoon, April 6th. He had been drinking heavily of late, and the idea seemed to have taken a strong hold in his mind, that people were after him to do him harm. He was seen about 11:30 a. m., and it was then noticed that he appeared to be acting queerly. It is supposed that the act was committed shortly after noon. He cut his throat with a razor, and death ensued before the discovery of the affair. Deceased was a married man, 25 years of age, and was born in Plymouth. Coroner Hubert went over the same day and held an inquest, the jury finding a verdict of suicide in accordance with the above stated facts.

A Chance For Satisfaction.  
If you ever bought a box of Witch Hazel salve that failed to give satisfaction the chances are it did not have the name "E. C. DeWitt & Co." printed on the wrapper and pressed in the box. The original DeWitt's Witch Hazel salve never fails to give satisfaction for burns, sores, boils, tetter, cracked hands, etc. For blind, bleeding, itching and protruding piles it affords almost immediate relief. It stops the pain. Sold by F. W. Rusher.

Wedded in San Francisco.  
The Rev. William Tuson, of St. Augustine church Jackson, went to San Francisco Tuesday of last week for the purpose of uniting in marriage his fourth daughter, Amy, to Edward Kevern, formerly of the Oneida mine. The ceremony was performed at the altar of the Church of the Advent in that city on Wednesday last week. The wedding was a quiet affair, Mrs. Tuson step-mother of the bride, and William Tuson a brother from Santa Cruz, were present with a few others. The newly married couple will reside in the city for the present. The groom is taking a thorough course in geology at one of the colleges there, preliminary to taking a responsible position for a large mining company.

Grow Strong Again.  
Nothing will relieve indigestion that is not a thorough digestant. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat, and allows the stomach to rest—recuperate—grow strong again. A few doses of Kodol after meals will soon restore the stomach and digestive organs to a full performance of their functions naturally. Sold by F. W. Rusher.

Mail Contracts.  
T. C. Dugan, the veteran stage driver of Plymouth, was in Jackson Monday. He reports the government has finally accepted his bid for carrying the mails between Plymouth to Carbondale for the next four years, at a material advance on former rates. The matter has been hanging fire for some time. His was the only bid put in and the postal authorities at first refused to accept, deeming it too high. At last, calling for further bids, and realizing that no competitor was forthcoming, they accepted the bid at the price offered.

The route from Jackson to Plymouth has been awarded to R. Sutton, as the lowest bidder. The new contract will go into effect in July next. It is thought likely that the time schedule may be materially changed on this route, so as to have the mail leave Martell's on the arrival of the train at that point, and proceed thence to Plymouth and intermediate points, returning next morning in time for the train at Martell's. The people of Amador City want their mail to come via Martell's. It now comes by special stage from Drytown, via the Carbondale route. The Drytown residents want their mail continued that way, as it means several hours saving of time; whereas Amador can be more quickly served by way of Martell's.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury  
as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's catarrh cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by druggists. Price, 75c. per bottle.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Dwelling House Burned.  
The dwelling house occupied by A. Witte and family on Kennedy flat, east of the main road, was utterly destroyed by fire Monday evening, about 7 o'clock. How the fire originated is a mystery. It is said there had been no fire in the stove for some time previous, and the family were absent when the blaze started. The house with all its contents was a total loss. The realty belonged to the Kennedy Mining Company, the building standing on the mining ground. It was uninsured. Only two or three chairs were saved from destruction by those who were first upon the scene. The loss in turniture is considerable, as it embraced a piano and other valuable articles. Mr. Witte carried some insurance with Mrs. Fontenrose, to the amount we are told of \$800. He will be a heavy loser anyway by the conflagration. The adjuster came up Wednesday evening to adjust the loss.

Pay-up Notice.  
Old accounts due the Union House must be paid to Frank Simich, at the Bridge Saloon, Jackson, ap6 it.

Pioneer M'Our always has been and still is the best.

### Committed Suicide.

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### Norris & Rowe Circus.

This grand circus reached the Martell depot Sunday evening. Its arrival was witnessed by fully 200 people, who had gathered for the express purpose of seeing the train of special cars. No time was lost in moving the vast array of scenic wagons, and educated and wild animals to the grounds selected for pitching the tents—the old toll house lot, quarter of a mile north of town. Monday morning the tented city was in place, and about noon the procession formed and marched through Main street and Broadway. The streets on either side were thronged with spectators. It was the finest turnout in the circus line that has ever been seen in Jackson. All told, it is said the employees of this mammoth concern number between two and three hundred. The performance in the afternoon drew an immense crowd. Side shows and everything connected with the affair were liberally patronized. The main performance in the huge tent, with double ring, is well worth seeing. The beauty of the trained horses, the accomplished riders, male and female, the acrobatic performances, the trained animals, and everything about the circus was first class, and fully met public expectations. The living statuary scenes were particularly admired.

In the evening there was another immense throng. There were few unfilled seats in the vast tent, which is said to hold 5000 persons. One of the employees, who from experience is a good judge of such matters, estimated that there were at least 4500 spectators at the evening performance. The admission fee was \$1 with 50 cents additional for reserved seat, and half price for children under 12. The managers were well satisfied with the financial outcome. They must have cleared several thousand dollars over expenses, although the daily outlay of the circus foots up \$2700.

### Does It Do Any Good?

What good does it do you to eat if your stomach fails to digest the food? None. It does you harm—causes belching, sour stomach, flatulence, indigestion, and the stomach fails a little. Kodol dyspepsia cure after each meal will digest what you eat and makes the stomach sweet. Kodol is a thorough digestant and will afford relief from any disorder due to imperfect digestion or mal-assimilation. Sold by F. W. Rusher.

Frank Morosco, died in the county hospital on Wednesday last. He had been an inmate of that institution for the past seven years. He was the victim of a terrible accident in Sutter Creek. A stonemason by trade, he was engaged in walling up a cellar, and while in the act of carrying a box of giant caps, thoughtlessly smoking a pipe at the same time, it is supposed a spark from the pipe ignited one of the caps. At any rate there was an explosion, resulting in Morosco having both hands blown off and destroying the sight of both eyes. He was removed to the hospital for treatment soon after the accident. Up to within a short time ago, he was able to get around, frequently appearing in the street, led by another patient. He was buried in Jackson at the county's expense on Thursday.

Here is the place to get your money's worth, six spoons of cotton for 25 cents. Jackson Shoe Store.

### Memorial Resolutions.

To the N. G. V. S. officers and members of Telegraph Lodge No. 79. I. O. O. F.

We, the committee to draft resolutions of respect to our beloved brother, S. P. Votaw, respectfully report as follows:

Whereas, It has pleased the all wise providence and preserver of the universe in his wisdom to take from this life our beloved brother, S. P. Votaw, who died March 17, 1906. The pitcher is broken at the fountain, and the brother that we have known as an Old Fellow for forty-seven years, is at rest. In the death of our brother each member of this lodge feels a sense of personal sorrow, therefore be it,

Resolved, That Telegraph Lodge No. 79, I. O. O. F., extends to the family its heartfelt sympathy, in their loss together with the earnest assurance that the hearts of all the members of this lodge



**100 DROPS**

**CASTORIA**

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of

**INFANTS & CHILDREN**

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. **NOT NARCOTIC.**

Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Sleeplessness and Loss of Sleep.

Fac-Simile Signature of *Wm. W. Beckman*

**NEW YORK.**

At 6 months old  
**35 DROPS - 35 CENTS.**

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

**CASTORIA**

**The Kind You Have Always Bought**

Bears the Signature of *Wm. W. Beckman*

**Use For Over Thirty Years**

**CASTORIA**

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

**PEOPLE'S SAVINGS BANK**

OF SACRAMENTO.

Corner Fourth and J Sts.

Paid depositors for the year 1904-5, 4 percent on TERM DEPOSITS, 3 percent on ORDINARY DEPOSITS.

**Accepts deposits in sums from ONE DOLLAR and upward.**

Guaranteed Capital.....\$410,000  
Paid Up Capital and Reserve.....350,500  
Assets.....2,000,500

Send Draft, P. O. Order, or Wells-Fargo Order and we will send pass book.

**Money to Loan on Real Estate.**

**WM. BECKMAN, PRES.**  
Geo. W. Lorenz, Cashier.

**BANK OF AMADOR COUNTY**

Incorporated November, 1895

Capital Stock : : \$50,000

President.....Alfonse Ginechio  
Vice-President.....S. G. Spagnoli  
Secretary and Cashier.....Frederick Eudey

**BOARD OF DIRECTORS:**  
Alfonse Ginechio, S. G. Spagnoli, John Stokan, Frederick Eudey and Alex Eudey of Jackson.

**SAFE DEPOSIT**—Safe deposit boxes can be rented from the Bank of Amador County at the small expense of 35 cents a month, thereby securing you against any possible loss from fire or otherwise. Don't overlook this opportunity of protecting your valuables.

**SAVE MONEY**—Patronize a home institution. Send money away through the Bank of Amador County; you will save 10 per cent and upward over postoffice or express. Money sent to all parts of the United States and also all parts of the world. We have the latest quotations on foreign exchange.

**SAVE MONEY**—It doesn't cost anything to deposit money in the Bank of Amador County. They receive deposits from \$5 up. Commence the new year by opening up a bank account. A man or woman with a bank account has a financial standing. Don't buy your money, when you die it can't be found and you are liable to be robbed while alive.

**VANDERPOOL**

**THE HARNESS MAKER**

Plymouth, Cal.

Can Make or Repair your HARNESS in an up-to-date workmanlike manner. He carries all kinds of harness and supplies in the line. Also, Buggies, Carriages & Carts Carriage Trimming a specialty. jae22

**2 & 5 CAR 5 lb.**

This offer is to compel introduction into every family of our quality groceries.

**ONE ORDER TO ONE FAMILY**

Many people ask how we can sell goods in combination so cheaply. The story is plain. Every day we put up a certain number of each combination. We have no trouble or worry, every item is put up without waste of time, we can ship hundreds of combinations in less time than we can wait on a few people. Besides we deal for cash only. Buy for Cash—Sell for Cash.

**See what \$8.50 will buy**

Every item guaranteed to please or returned for instant cash refund and no objections made.

1 lb. best Granulated Cane Sugar, fine white and dry, S. C. S. \$1.00  
15 lbs. new fancy Head Table Rice, very best, \$1.00  
10 lb. pail pure Leaf Lard, Rex or Swift \$1.00  
5 lbs. fancy English Breakfast, Spider Leg, Uncolored, Green Japan, Mace or Ceylon Tea (70c grades), say which you prefer \$2.50  
5 lb. tin Mocha and Java Coffee, roast or ground, 4c grade, none better at \$1.50  
5 lb. tin Baking Powder, Eastern Pure \$1.50  
Total for all, unchanged \$8.50  
Every item as represented or your cash refunded.

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**CASOW & CO.**

**BIRD JOURNEYS.**

Small Animals Often Travel on the Backs of Large Ones.

It has often been asked how small and weak birds manage to fly such enormous distances when migrating. As a rule, however, small birds that have come very far across the sea have not flown, but have been blown over during violent gales, and many of them arrive on land in a half dead condition.

In fair weather small birds make long journeys successfully over considerable tracts of ocean, but the reason is that they are carried on the backs of the larger ones. When passing an autumn in Crete a writer asserts that he distinctly heard the twittering of small birds when flocks of sand cranes were passing overhead on their way to southern shores. On another occasion, when firing a gun, he saw three small birds rise from the flock and disappear again among the cranes. A native priest assured him that they came over from Europe with them, while it has been found that small birds, never before seen in certain parts, have been brought thither at times of migration.

Another cause is that small birds do not make their journeys in one flight. They generally rest during the day, searching for food, and thus proceed to their destination by easy stages.

**THE PEARL WORKERS.**

**A Bethlehem Industry Which Is Five Hundred Years Old.**

The chief industry of Bethlehem of Judea is that of the mother-of-pearl workers.

The shells are brought from the Red Sea and in the hands of native artisans are polished and carved, the larger into elaborate designs. The smaller are cut up for rosaries and crosses. The work is all done by hand and the methods are amazingly primitive to a spectator from the home of steam and electric power. But the results are extraordinary. The largest shell we saw was carved in scenes from the birth of Christ, the agony in the garden and the crucifixion, and had the general effect of delicate frostwork. Under the magnifying glass every detail was seen to be perfect in outline and in finish. It was executed to order for a wealthy American and was to cost \$100.

About 150 people make a living by this industry, which is 500 years old. In the shops the workmen sit upon the floor, their benches in front of them. The air is full of whitish dust, and the light admitted by the single window and the open door is so dim that the exquisite tracery of the wrought shells is a mystery even before the visitor notes how few, simple and crude are the instruments employed.—Marion Harland in Lippincott's.

**He Saw the Joke.**

"One day," says an American, "I walked into a bookshop in the Strand and asked for Harve's 'Walks in London.' In America the book is sold in one thick volume. The clerk brought it in two. 'Oh, I said as I looked at them, 'you part your 'Harve' in the middle, do you?' 'I sir?' he said, with a bewildered look. 'Oh, no, sir!' I saw he didn't see the joke, so I didn't explain, but bought the books and went away. A week later I went to the same shop. As soon as the clerk saw me he rushed from the back of the shop, laughing vociferously. 'Good!' he shouted. 'Capital! Part your 'Harve' in the middle! That's capital, sir, capital!'—London Tit-Bits.

**Love's Grammar.**

"I wish I dared to ask you something," Miss Helen, said Percy, with trembling voice and quivering chin. "Why don't you dare to ask it?" the maiden said demurely.

"Because I can see 'No' in your eyes."

"In both of them?"

"Yes."

"Well, don't you—don't you know two negatives are equivalent to an—How dare you, sir? Take your arm from around my waist instantly!" But he didn't.

**Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic**

has stood the test 25 years. Average Annual Sales over One and a Half Million bottles. Does this record of merit appeal to you? No Cure, No Pay. 50c.

Enclosed with every bottle is a Ten Cent package of Grove's Black Root, Liver Pills.

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Deeds and other legal documents drawn up. Agent for Phoenix Assurance Company of London, and Washington Providence Fire Insurance Companies.

**PARISH REGISTERS.**

**The Sort of Entries They Kept in the Old Days in England.**

A clear, John Printer of Worle, is accused in 1584 of having got so drunk "at a Tavern in London, being the house and sign of the Swann in old Fish Street, that he had to be 'carried to his Lodgings, or some other convenient place, (he) being so dronk, not hable hym-self to goo"—that is, walk. He is also charged with being "a common player" at Bowles in the churchyard of Worle (his own parish) and a common haunter of Tavernes, alehouses, Bearbeating (baiting) and Bul-beating, yea, upon the Sabbath daies, and an usual plaier at Tables (backgammon) & Cardes in the alehouses and Tavernes."

On Sept. 25, 1621, John Brook of Dundry is presented.

"For usualle playing of the fines and cudgills in the churchyard theare on Sabbath daies and hollie daies, as nammie here, with others, did see upon St. Marke's daie past, and being reproved by the churchwarden for the same, hee gave him a forward answer, sayinge, 'wee are at exercise to doe the kings service, & you will not suffer us, but the willes you cutt your neighbors throats.'"

"That on Sonndae, 1 Julij, & on Sonndae 24 Junij ult., hee, Arthur Payton, and Edward Ward, tayler, did dance in the churchyard thereof," and Richard Hulford "played upon his instrument to those that usualle dance in the churchyard theare."—London Academy.

**THE BIRD OF DEATH.**

It Is the Only Venomous Member of the Feathered Tribe.

Among all the thousands of feathered creatures classified by the trained ornithologists but one, the rpir n'doob, or "bird of death," is known to be venomous. This queer and deadly species of the winged and feathered tribe is a native of the island of Papua, or New Guinea. The bird is described as being about the size of a common tame pigeon, of gray plumage and a tail of extraordinary length, ending in a tip of brilliant scarlet red. It is a marsh bird and is found to inhabit only the immense stagnant pools adjoining the lakes of the interior of the island. The rpir has a hooked beak as sharp as a cock's spur and hollow. The venom with which it inoculates is distilled in a set of organs which nature has provided for that purpose and which lie in the upper mandible, just below the openings of the nostrils. Under this poison secreting laboratory in the roof of the mouth is a small fleshy knob. When the bird sets its beak in the flesh of a victim this knob receives a pressure which liberates the venom and inoculates the wound. No man, native or otherwise, was ever known to recover from a bite inflicted by a rpir n'doob. The suffering in such cases is said to be much more agonizing than in cases of rattlesnake and Gila monster bites.

**A Persistent Nest Builder.**

One of the most energetic nest builders is the marsh wren. In fact, he has the habit to such a degree that he cannot stop with one nest, but goes on building four or five in rapid succession. And there is nothing slovenly about his work either. Look among the cattails in the nearest marsh, even within the limits of a great city, and you will find his little woven balls of mud, with a tiny round hole in one side. There is a certain method even in his madness, for the nest in which his wife is brooding her seven or eight eggs is less likely to be found when there are so many empty ones around. Then, too, he uses the others as roosting places for himself.—London Opinion.

**Vinegar.**

Vinegar is fatal to many kinds of bacteria. We read that a dung heap great plague in London a couple of years ago, and that the wealthy and that their own means of defense was swathing the lower part of the face with cloths dipped in strong vinegar. Some one says, "My grandmother used a gargle of salt and pepper with vinegar for all us children, and she didn't have to go to a sanitary club to learn it." True, no doubt, a timely though utterly empirical use of that gurgling has saved many lives.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**"Carat" as Applied to Diamonds.**

Although the term "carat" is applied to diamonds as well as to gold, it does not mean the same thing. Used with regard to the metal it expresses quality or fineness, 24 carat being pure gold and 22 carat equal to coined gold. But applied to the diamond carat means actual weight, and by this measure 115½ carats are equal to an ounce troy. The value of a diamond is not merely so much per carat, irrespective of size, but increases in an increasing ratio with the weight of the stone.

**Ceremony.**

I think there is a great deal of difference between that species of ceremony which exists with acquaintance and that which should always exist with the best of friends—the one prevents the growth of affection, the other preserves in its youth and age.—Letters of Maria Edgeworth.

**Belief.**

Fig's—You'll generally find that people believe what they want to believe. Forz—Yes, and probably that accounts for the belief in everlasting punishment—for other people, of course—being so popular.

Were we eloquent as angels, yet we should please some people more by listening than by talking.—Colton.

About two-thirds of the average human heart is occupied by self love.

The wise are instructed by reason, ordinary minds by experience, the stupid by necessity and brutes by instinct.—Cicero.

**The Best Guaranty of Merit Is Open Publicity.**

Every bottle of Dr. Pierce's world-famed medicines leaving the great laboratory at Buffalo, N. Y., has printed upon its wrapper all the ingredients entering into its composition. This fact alone places Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines *above all others* in the market. They cannot be classed with patent or secret medicines because they are not. This is why so many unprejudiced physicians prescribe them and recommend them to their patients. They know what they are composed of, and that the ingredients are those endorsed by the most eminent medical authorities.

The further fact that neither Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the great stomach tonic, liver invigorator, heart regulator and blood purifier, nor his "Favorite Prescription" for weak, overworked, broken-down, nervous women, contains any alcohol, also entitles them to a place all by themselves.

Many years ago, Dr. Pierce discovered that chemically pure glycerine, of proper strength, is a better solvent and preservative of the medicinal principles residing in our indigenous, or native, medicinal plants than is alcohol; and, further, that the medicinal properties of the medicinal plants of its own, being demulcent, nutritive, antiseptic, and a most efficient anodyne.

Neither of the above medicines contains alcohol, or any harmful, habit-forming drug, as will be seen from the ordinary printed or secret medicines. They are safe to use and potent to cure.

Not only do physicians prescribe the above, non-secret medicines largely, but the most intelligent people employ them. A people who would not think of using the ordinary patent or secret medicines. Every ingredient entering into the composition of Dr. Pierce's medicines has the strongest kind of endorsement from leading medical writers of the several schools of practice. No other medicines put up for like purposes has any such professional endorsement.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the constipation and you cure the disease. One Pellet is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. Druggists sell them, and nothing is "just as good." Easy to take as candy.

**RUSSIAN PROVERBS.**

Roguesy is the last of trades. Without cheating, no trading. Every fox praises his own tail. A debt is adorned by payment. A good beginning is half the work. Every little frog is great in his own bog.

Trust in God, but do not stumble yourself.

Go after two wolves and you will not catch even one.

If God doesn't forsake us, the pigs will not take us.

The deeper you hide anything the sooner you find it.

Be praised not for your ancestors, but for your virtues.

Send a pig to dinner and he will put his feet on the table.

**Dr. Holmes' Revenge.**

When "The Last Leaf" was published by Oliver Wendell Holmes a critic attacked it savagely and cruelly. Dr. Holmes, though importuned by friends, did nothing in revenge. He waited for time to avenge him, which time did liberally. The critic fell upon evil days and ended his existence with suicide. The only morsel of personal revenge which the good doctor allowed himself was to cut out the paragraph about his enemy's career and paste it in his scrapbook on the same page which contained the original criticism and the announcements of the successive editions of the poem. This was a mild revenge, but even this was unworthy of Dr. Holmes.

**Seemed to Have Him Cornered.**

The teacher was discoursing to the class on the wonders of nature. "Take the familiar illustration of the sting of a wasp," he said, "as compared with the finest needle. When examined through a microscope the sting is still sharp, smooth and polished, while the needle appears blunt and rough."

"It is so with everything. The works of nature are infinitely superior to those of art. Try how we may, we cannot improve on nature."

"It isn't so with my eyes, teacher," said a little girl in the class.

"Why, how is that, Nellie?" he asked.

"Cause nature made me cross eyed," she said, "and the doctors fixed my eyes all right."

**Brasen Theft.**

During the South African war an immense stone monument was removed at Cape Town during the night, and no one knows to this day by whom or why it was taken. Some years ago, in broad daylight, a clever and bold gang of thieves carried off a valuable fountain fourteen feet high from Uxbridge without exciting the suspicions of any one and quite recently an omnibus was calmly removed, horses and all, while standing unguarded outside a public house in London and has never been seen or heard of since. It would seem, indeed, that it is often far easier to steal a big thing than a little one.—London Telegraph.

**Placing Him.**

"Young man," began the dignified gentleman in black dress, "have you fully considered the future? Have you made provisions for the hereafter? Is it not time?"

"Pardon me one moment, please, but are you a minister or a life insurance agent?"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

**Sater.**

Patience—It's a very bad sign to tumble upstairs. Patience—Even so, I'd rather do that than tumble downstairs.—Yonkers Statesman.

**A. H. KUHLMAN**

**Contractor and Builder**

Will do work in any part of Amador County. If you want to build, send a note to Jackson Postoffice and I will call on you. Estimates furnished without cost on any kind of building. Will make plans and specifications for you.

**PLYMOUTH SCHOOL REPORT.**

For the month, ending March 30, 1906.

Rooms.	Boys.	Girls.	No. Absent.	At. daily.	Attendance.	Per cent.
Mr. Anthony's...	19	17	46	53	31	58
Miss Slavin's...	19	19	50	55	33	60
Total enrollment...	84					

Mr. Anthony's room.—Neither absent nor tardy: James Levagis, Arthur Wilds, Lewis Pinder, Jodie Roberts, Dora Negrich, Daphne Culbert, Viola Wheeler, Clara Freguia, Jessie Clark.

(Excellent) in diligence, deportment and neatness: Mary Freguia, Ethel Potter, Lizzie Burke, Annie Burke, Dora Negrich, Beldine Ziblich, Viola Wheeler, Arthur Wilds, George Wilson.

E in at least nine-tenths of studies: Lizzie Burke, Ethel Potter, Verne Wheeler, Jodie Roberts, Lawson Anthony.

Miss Slavin's room.—Neither absent nor tardy: Wallace Pritchard, Willie Pritchard, Lester Wheeler, Alvin Anthony, Vinnie Butorovich, Jessie Packard, Ruby French, Liona Wilson, Evelyn Roberts, Willie Woolford, Charlie Packard, Leslie Walton, Lizzie Vollmer, Alvin Wilds, Edwin Pritchard, Jimmie Packard, Leroy Jarred.

E in diligence, deportment and neatness: Alda Wheeler, Gladys Felker, Wesley Phillips, Herbert Liddicoat, Alvin Wilds, Louis Roberts, Alvin Anthony, Luella Wilson, Leroy Jarred, Chesley Greenstate, Ruth Parsons, Diamond Ming, Pearl Ming.

E in at least nine-tenths of studies: Wallace Pritchard, Willie Pritchard, Lester Wheeler, Willie Parsons, Alvinza Summers, Vinnie Butorovich, Alvin Anthony, Ruby French, Loretta Burke, Leona Wilson, Willie Woolford, Willie Liddicoat, Charlie Packard, Evelyn Roberts.

Overlooked in last month's report.—Perfect in all the above: Alvin Anthony; perfect in the first two of the above: Viola Wheeler.

A. L. Anthony, principal.

**Chinese Children.**

The education of their children is a matter of no small interest to the affectionate Chinese mothers. They watch the little one from the day he is born, to note superstitious signs. Let him cry lustily, and he will live long, say the old grannies. If he teeths or walks too soon he will grow up unlovable in disposition. At first the little Chinese are not very attractive objects, presenting rather a scaly appearance, due to the custom of not washing them lest they catch cold. A month after his birth the boy's head is shaved. A great feast is prepared and celebrated, the child now receiving his "milk name." When he enters school his name is changed, as it is once more when he receives his degree.—Pilgrim.

**A Curious Legend.**

There is a curious legend in regard to Deadman's place, Southwark, London. An ingenious old writer says that the name originated as follows: "In Deadman's place, at St. Maryoverus, a manservant being buried at seven of the clock in the morning, and the grave standing open for more dead Commodities, at four of the clock in the same evening he was got up alive again by a strange miracle, which, to be true and certain, hundreds of people can testify that save him acted like a country Ghost in his white peackled sheets." However, a more exact historian explained that the name was merely a corruption of Desmond's place.

**Live While You Are Alive.**

Enjoy life as it comes to you. Listen to the bird songs and the voices of the children. Linger to watch the sunset or the opening of a flower. Take into your life the goodness, the pleasure and the brightness of every day, for "we shall pass this way but once," and then when you reach the last day that is given you here you will be content and can say, "I have lived."—Town and Country.

**Globe Hotel**

**NEW MANAGEMENT.**

**MRS. ANNIE HURST... Prop'r**

**Board and Lodging**

AT REASONABLE RATES.

Sample Rooms for Commercial Travelers.

All Stages stop at this hotel.

JACKSON.....CAL.

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Timber Land Act June 3, 1878.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**

United States Land Office, Sacramento, Cal.

November 21, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the states of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Silas Berry Henson of Pine Grove, county of Amador, State of California, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement, No. 1834, for the purchase of the S E 1/4 of S W 1/4 of Section No 23 in township No 8 N, range No 14 E, M. D. M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes and to establish his claim to said land before Richard Webb, U. S. Commissioner, at Jackson, Cal. on Friday, the 25th day of May, 1906.

He names as witnesses: Frank Williams, of Pine Grove, Amador county, Cal.; L. H. Cook, of Volcano, Amador county, Cal.; A. Liveredge, of Volcano, Amador county, Cal.; A. Jones of Pine Grove, Amador county, Cal.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 25th day of May 1906.

JOHN ARMSTRONG, Register.

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Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use

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**Ayer's Pills. Ayer's Pills. Ayer's Pills. Keep saying this over and over again. The best laxative. Lowell, Mass.**

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DR. GIBBON has practiced in San Francisco over 40 years, and these troubled should not fail to consult him and receive the benefit of his great skill and experience. The doctor cures when others fail. Try him. Cures guaranteed. Persons cured at home. Charges reasonable. Call or write.

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OFFICES—Jackson, National Hotel; Sutter Creek, American Exchange; Amador City, Amador Hotel; Dryden, Exchange; Plymouth, Forest House.

Prompt



Magazine Section.

JACKSON, AMADOR COUNTY, CAL., APR. 13, 1906.

## MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

MRS. WALTER FARWELL OF  
CHICAGO AND WASHINGTON  
IS HOLDING THE HONOR.

Is Daughter of the Wife of Stephen A.  
Douglass, Herself a Famous Belle.—  
Husband's Father Began Life a  
Poor Boy.

Who is the most beautiful woman in America? This was the question recently propounded in connection with the preparation of a Beauty Book which was designed to sell at something like twenty-five dollars per copy. It was intended to present in the expensive volume portraits of the handsomest women in each of the principal American cities but one member of the fair sex was to be selected as preeminently the most beautiful creature in Miss Columbia's domain.

Naturally there was great rivalry for the honor and the persons who sat in judgment upon the photographs of beautiful women which were submitted in the contest had a rather difficult time to reach a decision. Finally, the choice fell upon Mrs. Walter Farwell of Washington, D. C. and Chicago who was a bride of but a few months when the mooted question was decided in her favor. In arriving at a decision the judges studied the features of each subject critically just as a per-

Miss Mildred Williams was a great belle from the very day that she made her first formal bow to the social world. To be sure she had no dowry but her own marvelous beauty but she made what the gossips pronounced a "great catch" when she married Walter Farwell of Chicago, one of the most prominent young millionaires of the Windy City.

Started with \$10 Capital.

Young Farwell is the son of ex-Senator Farwell who started in life as a poor boy at Painted Post, New York, later removing to Illinois and eventually going to Chicago on a load of wheat with but \$10 in his pocket. He secured employment in the county clerk's office; later became teller of a bank and finally established with his brother the great dry goods business which to this day causes the name of Farwell to be well known in mercantile circles. In 1887 the Farwell brothers built the Texas State Capitol receiving in payment therefor more than 3,000,000 acres of land. Much of this land they sold but considerable holdings of it went to form a gigantic ranch which was stocked with 150,000 cattle and helped materially to swell the Farwell fortune.

Both of Ex-Senator Farwell's daughters married men well known to the public so that the beautiful Mrs. Walter Farwell has two very prominent sisters-in-law. One is Mrs. Reginald De Koven, wife of the well known com-

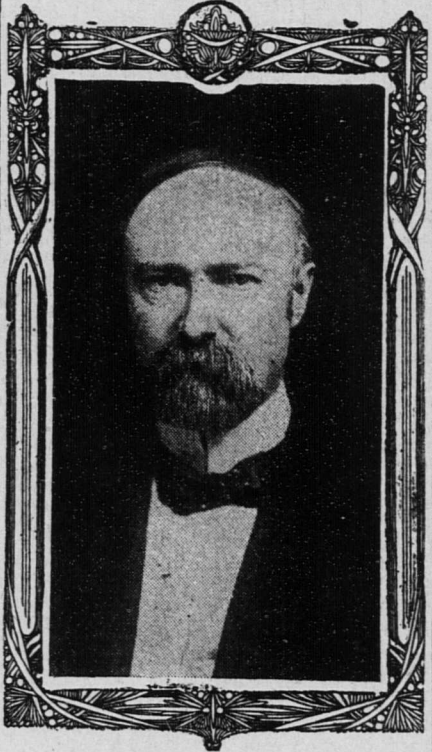
## FAIRBANKS IS ACTIVE.

WORKING TO SECURE PLEDGES  
FOR THE PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION IN 1908.

Is Sure of Indiana Delegation—Is  
Also Counting on Illinois, and  
Thinks Chances Good in Ohio—At  
Work in South.

Vice-President Fairbanks is 6 feet, 3 inches in height, the tallest man in the Senate. He is also looming up pretty tall as a presidential candidate for 1908.

Unless other candidates bestir themselves, Mr. Fairbanks will at no distant day have a sufficient number of dele-



VICE-PRESIDENT FAIRBANKS.

gates pledged to make him the most formidable candidate for the nomination.

Mr. Fairbanks has had the Presidential bee in his bonnet for many years. He was a great favorite of President McKinley, and many persons believe that Mr. McKinley desired to see Mr. Fairbanks succeed him in the Presidential chair.

There have recently been long conferences between Indiana politicians, Mr. Fairbanks, and his friends, and there is good reason to believe that a great deal has been accomplished in the way of perfecting the organization formed for the purpose of securing the Republican nomination for Indiana's son two years hence.

Beveridge is in Line.

Everything is said to be lovely for Mr. Fairbanks in Indiana. He has cleaned up the opposing faction in the Republican party there, headed by the youthful Senator Beveridge, who is understood to have responded so readily to the treatment applied that he now gives three cheers every time the name of Fairbanks is mentioned in his presence. Senator Beveridge is no longer in a position to hamper the progress of the Fairbanks' boom in Indiana. In the factional fight over the State chairmanship, Mr. Beveridge suffered an ignominious rout, and even if he does not train with Mr. Fairbanks in the future, he will not actively oppose him.

Following Senator Hanna's Methods.

In his campaign to secure delegates for William McKinley in 1896, Marcus A. Hanna began his operations in the South. He had securely nailed down that section before the representatives of other candidates had begun to work. Mr. Hanna enlisted in the cause a number of young men, who went out looking for delegates and got them. Mr. Fairbanks knows something about the methods of Mr. Hanna, and his representatives are now treating with leading party men in the South. While the Republican party in the South is short on votes on election day, it is long on delegates in the national convention. This fact is keenly appreciated by Mr. Fairbanks.

Chances in Illinois.

The Vice-President is certain of Indiana's delegates, and he is counting upon Illinois. His fortunes in that State are in the hands of Charles G. Dawes, former Comptroller of the Currency, one of Mr. Hanna's "young men" in the pre-convention campaign made in the interest of the candidacy of Mr. McKinley. Fairbanks had strong and influential friends in Illinois and his chances of securing the delegation from that State are probably better than those of any other man who has been mentioned for the Presidential nomination, with the exception of Speaker Cannon. Mr. Dawes is understood to be the western manager of the Fairbanks boom. At least, such a report was circulated recently, and it has never been denied.

The Vice-President and his friends profess to believe the next standard bearer of the Republican party will be a western man. Ohio has two favorite sons in the persons of Secretary Taft and Senator Foraker. Both are very strong in Ohio and both are widely and favorably known throughout the country. The Fairbanks men believe that the rivalry of Taft and Foraker will prevent either of them securing the united support of Ohio's delegation to the next convention. Therefore, Fairbanks is figuring on the Buckeye state. Some of the Hoosier's friends are very enthusiastic, and to hear them one would think that the formalities of

a nominating convention and an election might just as well be dispensed with.

Of course if Mr. Roosevelt should run for reelection, as it is being prominently argued that he will, notwithstanding his publicly expressed attitude against another term, it is admitted that he would be the practically unanimous choice for nomination and the work of the Fairbanks party would have been in vain.

INDIA'S RICHEST POTENTATE.

He Owns a Carpet Made of Precious  
Gems and Diamonds and Rubies  
by the Bushel.

During the stay of the Prince and Princess of Wales in India they will doubtless meet and be entertained by a personage who has every reason to be regarded as the richest of men in the Orient, if not in the whole world. This is the Gaikwar (or Rajah) of Baroda, a potentate who well illustrates Milton's famous line concerning the "Barbaric pearl and gold" which the "gorgeous East" showers on its kings. No doubt, in point of annual income, there are richer men—Mr. John D. Rockefeller, for instance—but, from the standpoint of personal possessions the Gaikwar probably has no rival in the world.

When he came to the throne some twenty-five years ago the present ruler of Baroda found stored in the vaults of his palace wealth so colossal that a description of it outdoes the "Arabian Nights" itself. Certainly Aladdin never thought of a carpet of jewels, such as the Gaikwar possesses. To say that there is nothing like it in the world is only feebly to describe its glories, which can be better indicated by the statement that it is about four yards square and composed of ropes of rubies, diamonds, pearls, woven into a regular carpet well-defined pattern and border. Thousands of dollars' worth of jewels, every one of the finest quality, went to make up this wondrous carpet, the product of three years work by skilled artists and jewel setters.

Now, if the Gaikwar of Baroda were only moderately wealthy, this mon arch of carpets would doubtless occupy the place of honour in his palace. But as he possesses jewels enough to set up a dozen ordinary monarchs the jeweled tapestry occupies an odd corner, and is shown to visitors as merely but one of the treasures of the palace.

Less of a curiosity, but far more valuable, is the Gaikwar's diamond necklace, a trinket the value of which several times make a man a millionaire. This necklace is the most magnificent in existence. And even the honor of possessing the second finest is denied to the rest of the world, for that also is amongst the Gaikwar's family jewels, being worn by his wife, who is, besides, dowered with brooches, bracelets, rings and other ornaments, the value of which is computed in millions of dollars.

Another notable ornament worn by the Gaikwar is a collar made of five hundred diamonds of the purest water, which includes in its glittering rows the famous "Star of the South," the fourth largest diamond in the world.

Such a dazzling collection—such a "welter" of jewels—was, needless to say, not made in a single life-time. For centuries the Gaikwar's ancestors have been accumulating their treasures, until to-day the jewels alone could be measured in bushels. As for the rest, there are pictures in bronzes and statuary to the value of several millions of money.

A royal procession in Baroda is worth going many miles to see. Horses and elephants, all splendidly caparisoned and blazing with gems, lead the way; but the cynosure of all eyes is the Gaikwar, not merely because of his personality, but also by reason of the stupendous wealth represented by the jewels with which he adorns himself.

He is, perhaps, the one man in the world who could wear that mammoth amongst gems, the great Premier Diamond, without incongruity.

Sleeping Car Acquaintances.

Representative Smith of Maryland is the subject of a good story these days. When he hears it he merely smiles and looks wise. Mr. Smith, the little narrow says, was standing a few days ago in front of the White House talking to two Secret Service men, when a boy came dashing out of the Executive Mansion.

"Who's that?" queried the Congressman.

"That's Archibald Roosevelt," he was informed.

A moment later another youngster appeared through the same door and Mr. Smith repeated his question.

"That's Kermit," said one of the guards.

Just then a third boy came swirling along on roller skates.

"I guess that's another one of the Roosevelts," suggested the man from Maryland.

"Yes," was the answer, "That's Quentin."

"By gum," commented Mr. Smith, "they've all got names like sleeping cars. I feel just as if I were standing on the station platform at home watching the limited express shoot by."

Why Use Force?

With heavy foodstuffs I certainly am. My system loth to encumber; That's why I am fond of magazine jam Full of good things—current number.

Nearly all plants with purple blossoms contain poison.

## A DARKY CHRISTENING.

WEIRD SCENE AMONG THE  
SOUTHERN COLORED BAP-  
TISTS—FEET WASHING.

Third Letter of Account of Trip into  
the Sunny Southland.—Interest-  
ing Visits to Jacksonville, Savannah  
and Richmond.

The first Sunday we spent in Eustis we drove to Lake Gracie, just in the rear of the hotel grounds, to witness the Baptist colored immersion. It was a perfect June morning, with settings of pure gold. It did not seem possible that it was windy March at home. The orange groves reached down to the very edge of the lake, which lay placed, like a mirror. Several of the guests rowed across from the hotel to witness the ceremony. Presently the preacher, followed by his candidates and flock, came through the woods singing one of their wild refrains. A few words from the Good Book, a prayer, all kneeling, and then an exhortation delivered with much vigor. The baptism was quietly performed with the exception of the case of one of the sister candidates who felt so happy, that two men were obliged to carry her out of the water. In the evening we all drove to Egypt, the colored settlement, and I never in my life attended such a service. It was the first Sunday in March, which is a high day in the church—"The Primitive Baptist." The church building is a little wooden structure with bare benches along each side and a rough table in front of a box of a pulpit. When we entered, a prayer meeting was being held. As many of the native congregation cannot read, the hymns are lined, two lines at a time—and such strange music I never heard. They don't seem to sing the words; it is just a loud monotonous refrain, and was perfectly deafening in that small building. The prayers were mostly ejaculations to the Lord, accompanied with clapping of hands and loud expressions from all the brothers and sisters. The sermon was the most rambling discourse imaginable, beginning with Genesis and ending in Revelations, accompanied with vigorous pantomime of face, arms and legs. Then the darkies screamed and yelled at the top of their voices and during all of which one of the sisters got "happy" and surged over into another seat, screaming and jumping up and down. Several buxom sisters held her until she became quiet. Then the collection was taken up, each one going up to the table and laying his money on

was attired in a white and gray cotton mother Hubbard gown tied around the waist with a white apron; around her neck she wore a black fur collar and on her head a very broadbrimmed black hat turned up on one side in a jaunty manner. This colored lady, weighing 285 pounds, as I was told, proceeded to set the communion table. From his chair in the pulpit, the minister called out, "Let us know, sister,



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT SAVANNAH.

when you are ready, and we'll begin business." "All right," responded Aunt Savannah cheerfully, "Ise ready." Then right in the midst of the service another woman became happy, jumping over in the seat back of her directly among the women and babies, and I don't know why the babies were not killed. Such a scattering I never saw before. Pandemonium reigned, but all the time the plate of bread was being passed.

Washing Their Feet.

Then came the "foot washing." Two ten-cent basins were placed on the table; the men and women took off their shoes and stockings; the preacher washed the first elder's feet, wiping them with the towel which was girdled around his waist; then passed the basin and towel to the elder, who washed the next one's feet, and so on until all were done. Aunt Savannah then began a like ceremony on the sister's side of the church; and all the time the dreadful singing, shouting, clapping of hands, stamping of washed and unwashed feet continued in a deafening racket. Finally the table was tak-



A LABYRINTH OF HANGING MOSS IN EUSTIS, BONAVENTURE CEMETERY, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

while all the time this dreadful singing continued without a break or interruption.

A Modern Amazon.

Then "Aunt Savannah," the Captain of the frail sex, became busy. She

en away, and we saw the "Holy Dance." The men and women formed a ring, whirling round and round, swaying their bodies, clapping hands, singing, shouting, swinging and wringing their

(Continued on next page.)



THE NATION'S BRIDE.  
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Daughter, Mrs. Nicholas Longworth (nee Alice Roosevelt).  
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(Published by authority of Miss Roosevelt.)

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hands and going through a thousand genuflections, until we left at eleven o'clock, and they kept up the performance until midnight. What an emotional people!

I revelled in the most exquisite roses during all of our stay in Eustis, our hostess keeping our room filled with the choicest varieties, so marvelous in color, so rich in perfume, as to almost intoxicate us with their beauty.

#### Where Winter Strawberries Grow.

March 15th we took the train for Ocala, the next day reached Lawtie, a quiet little town settled by northerners devoted to strawberry culture. Here we spent a week driving, walking, sitting on the broad piazza of the hotel in the sun, getting tanned and fat. Nothing here is cultivated but acres and acres of strawberries, little tiny plants; but raise the leaves and you can pick nearly a quart from one vine. The number of quarts shipped north during the season is fabulous, but occasional freezes do damage.

The mornings and evenings were always cold, so we had a wood fire in the big fire-place in our room, of fat pitch pine wood, and it was very fascinating to watch the fire light, as it flickered here and there, lighting the room so that we needed no lamp. All through the South the mocking birds were singing, calling and answering each other day and night. Returning to Jacksonville we devoted the few hours we had to visiting the shops and the Exposition building. Here in the Alligator Pool we saw a number of the uncanny looking beasts, the largest of which was ten feet long, so utterly hideous and ugly that he was most fascinating to me. Our next stop was at Savannah, where we drove all over the city and out on the beautiful shell road to the old cemetery, called "Bonaventure" (Beautiful Way), where the trees, great live oaks, covered with gray moss, are a hundred years old.

#### Great Natural Arches.

Roads have been cut through the woods and the effect is indescribable; it is like driving through great cathedral arches, so sombre and solemn, and so grand withal, a fitting place for the dead. Savannah is a beautiful old city, with many parks and squares planted with palms and palmettos, right in its heart. The magnolias seem the favorite tree, and they grow to a great height. The houses are large and broad, with verandas all around the two stories, and they must be needed in the hot summer. We had a very full day, and at seven o'clock took the sleeper for Richmond. We rode all the next day, reaching our destination in the evening, and drove to Ford's Hotel, where we had stopped thirty-five years ago on our wedding trip. But the hotel had changed, the city has grown, and nothing looked natural except Sunset Park and the old Capitol Park. The grass was turning green and the numerous gray squirrels were so tame they came and ate from my hand. We drove all the morning, visiting the beautiful statue of Gen. Robert E. Lee—a bronze equestrian on an immense granite pedestal. In the afternoon we drove to the park and hunted up Mr. Pollard, the Virginian who captured my husband during the war. It was their first meeting since that memorial time when they were mere boys, one wearing the blue and the other the gray, and they had a most interesting "war talk."

The next morning we took our train for Washington exactly five weeks from the day we left. It has been truly a delightful trip, beneficial in health and education, perfectly charming in every way, whose memory will go with me through life.

C. G. G.

#### PRINCE WHO LIKES HORSES.

Brother of Heir to German Crown a Rough Rider.

Eitel Frederick, prince of Prussia, and younger brother of the crown prince of Germany, is considered one of the finest horsemen of Europe. The German people love him greatly for this, along with his kindness to his animals, a quality sometimes wanting when great daring is possessed by boys.

When the prince was sixteen he was given the freedom of the royal stables and told that he could select one of the fine Arabian ponies for his own use. He asked if he could look after him just as boys in lesser stations in life do with their ponies, and his father's reply was:

"I want my boys to know how to work and care for everything that belongs to them."

Eitel did care for his pony and spent many moments learning all about the needs and nature of horses. He discovered that his Arabian could jump and, riding him one day, he cleared a four-barred fence, which greatly delighted the emperor, who was riding with him.

A short time after this his father gave him a powerful hunting horse. The boy looked like a midget on him, but would not ride him for three or four days.

"A horse needs to know you," he gravely said, "before he makes up his mind whether you will be kind and reasonable with him, or harsh."

After boy and horse had become acquainted he invited his father to take a ride in his company. The two set out for a gallop through the forests. Emperor William is regarded as a splendid horseman, but he told a circle of friends after this ride, that Eitel had given him a ride for his life. He leaped ditches and hedges, took the roughest roads, held his horse under perfect control and won the greatest praise.

It is told of this boy that he cannot go into the royal stables without every horse in the stalls turning his head and whinnying a glad welcome.

Seaweeds do not obtain nourishment from the soil at the bottom of the sea, but from the sea-water itself.

American chewing gum has been introduced in Tibet and the habit is said to be rapidly growing.

Several new bridges are in course of construction over the Nile at various points along the historic river.

The Japanese population of Korea is 50,000. The population of Korea is 6,000,000.

## GREAT CHIEF JOSEPH.

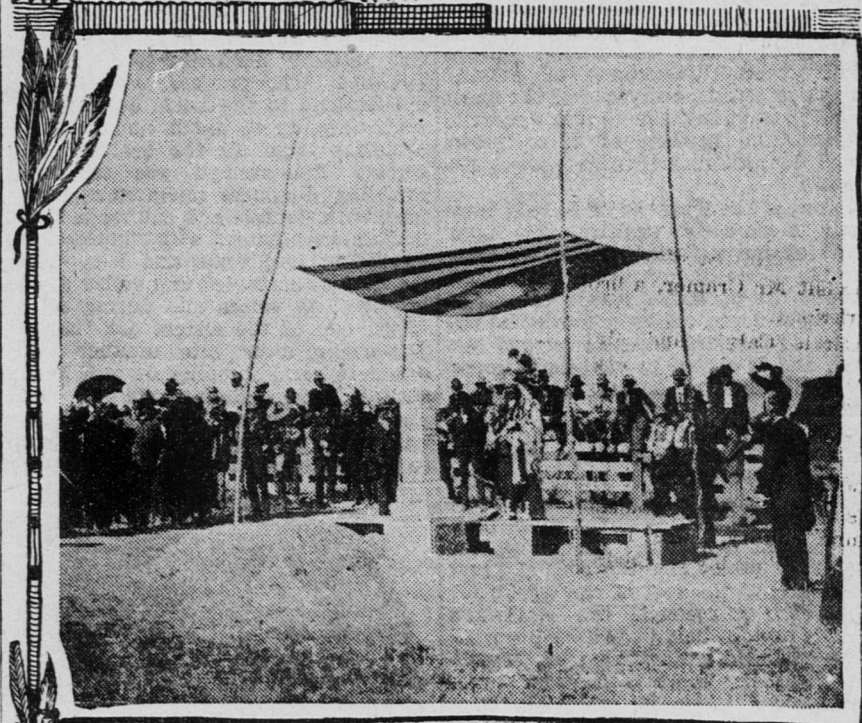
### A NOBLE AND BELOVED AMERICAN INDIAN WHO DIED OF A WOUNDED HEART.

Pathetic Tale of Government's Broken Promises.—His Ancestors Welcomed Lewis and Clark in Their Western Explorations.

C. J. BLANCHARD.

The most picturesque character of the western frontier passed away last year when Chief Joseph of the Nez Perces, or, as they knew him, In-mut-too-yah-lat-lat (Thunder traveling over the mountains), folded his blanket about him and passed beyond the Great Divide. The members of his tribe, all of whom were singularly devoted to him, and the privileged few of the white race who knew him intimately, believe that this great leader, perhaps the greatest Indian leader of the period, died of homesickness and heart-ache.

To know Chief Joseph was to have revealed to you a glimpse into a vanished past. There was a loftiness and dignity mingled with a charming naiveté in his manner, and a tender pathos in his speech, that made you forget the Indian and recall the old Hebrew prophets of the days of the Captivity.



CHIEF JOSEPH AND MONUMENT UNVEILED BY WARRIORS OF HIS TRIBE.

As the chief and historian of his tribe, Joseph's plea for the Nez Perces has often been heard in Washington. In its deep sense of eternal righteousness and of the deadly wrong suffered at the hands of the white man; in its smothered fire and in its hopeful longing for the coming of justice and better times for the tribe, it was the most powerful and pathetic appeal ever made by an Indian.

From the viewpoint of close association with the red man, his faults are magnified and his virtues forgotten. From the viewpoint of the reader of Cooper and other romantic writers on Indian topics, his vices are obscured, and his virtues unduly exaggerated. Judged from the impartial standpoint of a rather long acquaintance, which contains meetings in camp and city, in the writer's opinion, Chief Joseph was the finest type of the red man this country will ever know.

He died of homesickness, and that statement will provoke no sceptical smile from one who knows the Indian character. The earth that contains the ashes of an Indian's dead is sacred and hallowed. The longing in an Indian's heart for the land of his birth is as strong as that which turns our wandering footsteps back to the old home. When Fate in the shape of an unkind Government forcibly wrests from him the land of his fathers, his grief, though repressed and concealed, is as poignant as our own would be, if we were so treated.

#### Loved Home of the Tribe.

I recall one expression of Joseph's in this connection. "My father is buried in Wallowa Valley. I love that land more than all the rest of the world. A man who would not love his father's grave is worse than a wild animal."

Have you ever been in Wallowa, that beautiful valley of Winding Waters? It is America's Switzerland. Its lofty mountains rear their heads so high that a snow mantle rests there all the year round. Their feet are in lakes which rival Luzerne. Down the steep slopes, through narrow walled canyons which the sunlight never enters, the streams come rushing like cataracts. In their cold ripples the gamey trout lurks expectant eager to give battle for his life when the angler tempts him to the hook. In the autumn the salmon, in countless numbers, leap the waterfalls, and are caught and dried by the Indians for winter food. On the forested slopes, in shadowy ravines, and over the rolling hills, the deer and elk, the caribou, the grizzly and the cinnamon, and the wary moun-

tain sheep abound. It is a game paradise, with rich pastures for ponies.

It was in this valley that the grandfather of Chief Joseph welcomed the daring explorers, Lewis and Clark. Speaking of them, Joseph said: "They talked straight, and our people made them a great feast. All the Nez Perces made friends with Lewis and Clark, and agreed to let them pass through the country, and never to make war on white men. And this promise the Nez Perces have never broken. No white man can accuse them of bad faith, and speak with a straight tongue. It has always been the pride of the Nez Perces that they were the friends of the white men."

#### Encroachments of the White Men.

It was not to be expected that the Indian would be allowed to remain forever unmolested in the possession of this beautiful valley. When the western fever broke out, settlers came at first in small numbers, and the valley being large, all lived in peace. But it could not last. There came a day when by means of presents and fair promises a portion of the band signed a treaty dividing their lands. Joseph's father refused to sign away his birth-right, and withdrew his band from the council. In 1863, another council was held. A chief, named Lawyer, with authority of a part of the tribe, sold nearly all of the Nez Perces country, including the Wallowa Valley. The latter was the particular property of Joseph's own people; its boundaries, for years, had been marked by poles; had never been disputed. The old chief said: "Inside is the home of my people—the white man may take the land outside. Inside the boundary, all our people were born. It circles around the graves of our fathers, and we never give up their graves to any man."

In spite of the treaty, the Indians remained in unmolested possession for eight years, when the white men began to encroach upon the boundaries. The conditions threatened to become serious, and the Government asked for a treaty council. Joseph, owing to his father's age and blindness, represented his people. He refused to remove to the Lapwai agency in Idaho and give up the valley, so the council came to naught.

From that time on, the white settlers gave constant offense to the Indians. They stole their horses, drove off their cattle and branded the calves, and then claimed them. It speaks well for the strong hand Joseph held over his people, and for his desire for peace, that the Indians were patient so long. Finally, Joseph was notified by General

#### Remarkable Effect of Vibrations.

From time to time scientists advance new theories of the cause of some of the miracles mentioned in the Bible, and now the miraculous fall of the walls of Jericho is said by men of learning to have been caused by the fact that the tone pitch of the trumpets of the followers of Joshua was exactly in harmony with the sensitive tone of the walls. When the trumpets were blown they set the walls of the biblical town to vibrating and in a short time their foundations were so weakened that the entire mass fell to the ground.

This statement was brought out at a private social gathering the other evening in Philadelphia where music was the feature. During the course of the evening a cello performer was called on for so many encores of weird pieces with minor chords running



War, State and Navy Building at Washington

through them, that he had to stop to tune up several times. Just previous to one of these a picture which was suspended at the far end of the room came tumbling down without warning. Many of the superstitious turned white with fear, but a scientific man in the room went to some length to explain that the fall of the picture had been caused by a vibration of the wire set up by a note of a particular pitch made by the cello. He stated that every stretched string has some particular musical pitch which will set it vibrating. To emphasize his argument he asked the performer to strike different tones and in a short time other pictures in the room were set vibrating so violently as to make the movement perceptible to the eye.

The celloist also succeeded in setting up vibrations on a piece of glass-ware on the mantel, which caused it to give out a musical note.

#### Affected Building Foundations.

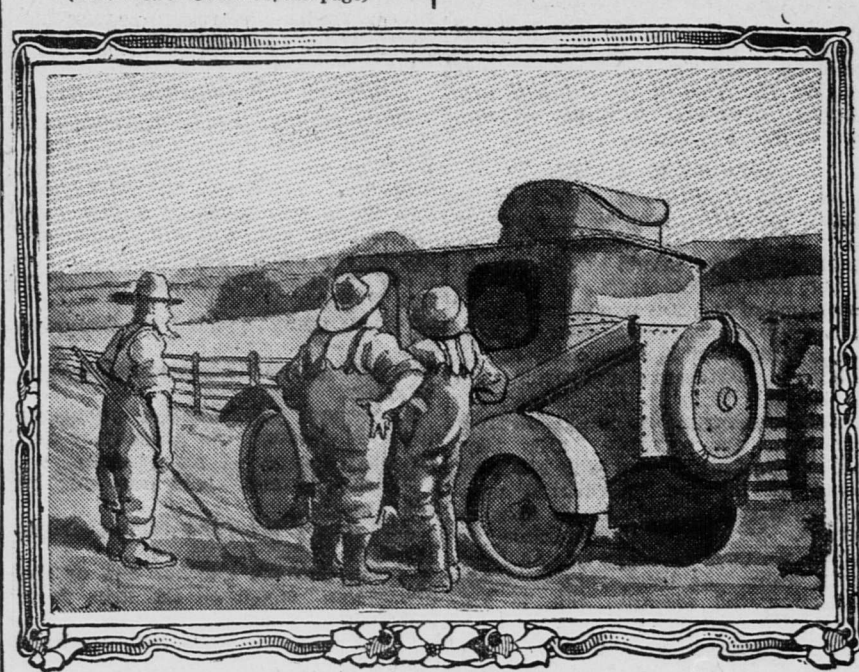
A couple of days after President Roosevelt's inauguration, last March, the whole body of Rough Riders from Minnesota called on Secretary Taft in the magnificent State, War, and Navy Building. Accompanied by their brass band of some fifty or sixty pieces they lined up before a Secretary's office and with rattle music serenaded the Secretary. Upon arising the music the superintendent of the building at once asked the leader to refrain from playing any more in the building as there was a tendency to weaken the building's foundations. In fact, in this instance, the vibrations set forth were plainly perceptible, not only to those in the vicinity of the band but to clerks on other floors of the building.

#### MARKET GARDEN TYPE.

New Style of Auto Suitable for Carrying Farm Produce.

One of the first cable pictorial descriptions of the useful war automobile, as shown in the illustration, has just come to hand. This is a special farmer's type. It can be constructed in any small power, for jogging along purposes, from 30 to 120 horse. A special feature of interest to market gardeners is the ability of the wagon to run for twenty minutes after having the tires riddled with bullets, which makes it thoroughly practical. It is entirely bomb-proof when beyond the range of the enemy's guns. A "starting crank" is fitted in front, but "the machine can be started automatically from the drivers seat," where the principal crank is supposed to be located. "On the top of the rear portion of the box" the specifications read, "is a turret from which projects a Hotchkiss gun which can be trained in any direction"—upon competing market gardeners. "A special quality of steel has been employed for armor." At 300 yards Lebel bullets fail to pierce, but glance off, thus insuring adequate protection to loads of eggs, live shoats and other tender vegetables.

"The machine carries two steel rails, which can be quickly unshipped and placed across a ditch." This feature is of great import to the average tiller of soil, as it means that if the machine becomes frightened or unmanageable due to the sudden appearance of horsemen or the flight of birds, and jumps ditches or fences, it can be quickly gotten back into the road, and sped along



EXAMINING NEW FARM TYPE OF AUTOMOBILE.

A railroad is being built between Damascus and Mecca.

#### Willing to be Shot.

Schott and Willing did engage in duel fierce and hot. Schott shot Willing, willingly. And Willing he shot Schott. The shot Schott shot made Willing quite a spectacle to see. While Willing's willing shot went right through Schott's anatomy.

for the early morning market. The cost of this little delivery wagon is only \$16,000; which of course places it within the reach of any farmer and every editor of a paper—that is if he happens to be close enough so that he can touch it. It is estimated that if all the garden and farm produce could be marketed by means of this simple and inexpensive device the cost to the city consumer would not be increased over 200% at the most.

#### Great Chief Joseph.

In the war which followed, Joseph led his little band, as only a great general could lead them, but; the Nez Perces never had a chance to win. Joseph surrendered to General Miles, and for years the tribe was moved back and forth over the country regardless of promises made when they surrendered. After one of Joseph's visits to Washington, where he met the President, the Cabinet officers, and numerous Congressmen, he remarked: "They all say they are my friends, and that I shall have justice, but while their mouths all talk right, I do not understand why nothing is done for my people. I have heard talk and talk, but nothing is done. Words do not pay for my dead people. They do not pay for my country overrun by white men. It makes my heart sick when I remember all the good words and all the broken promises. You might as well expect the river to run backward, as that any man who was born free should be contented, when penned up and denied liberty, to go where he pleases."

#### Pathetic Plea for Freedom.

"Oh let me be a free man! free to travel, free to stop, free to work, free to trade where I choose, free to choose my own teachers, free to follow the religion of my fathers, free to think and talk and act for myself—and I will obey every law or submit to the penalty."

Gradually as the years passed away, Joseph grew to understand the hopelessness of achieving his heart's desire—a return to Wallowa, though he never ceased to make his plea for justice. When the end came a year ago, he was surrounded by the remnant of his band, who stood beside his deathbed in silent grief.

On the 20th of September last, these same devoted members of the tribe stood around the grave of Joseph and listened to the funeral address delivered by his successor and friend. On this occasion a monument was unveiled—a most unusual Indian ceremony.

In Greenland potatoes never grow larger than marbles.

Los Angeles has a Chinese millionaire—Quang Ngon Quock.

Ground-owls are sold in San Francisco restaurants as quail.

Many railroads are setting out tree-farms to provide cross ties fifteen or twenty years hence.

There are only seventy specimens of the extinct great auk known to be in existence. A specimen recently sold for \$2,000.

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Write us today sending your name and address and we will hold one of these fine guns for you and tell you how you can get one FREE! Don't delay! Send no money!

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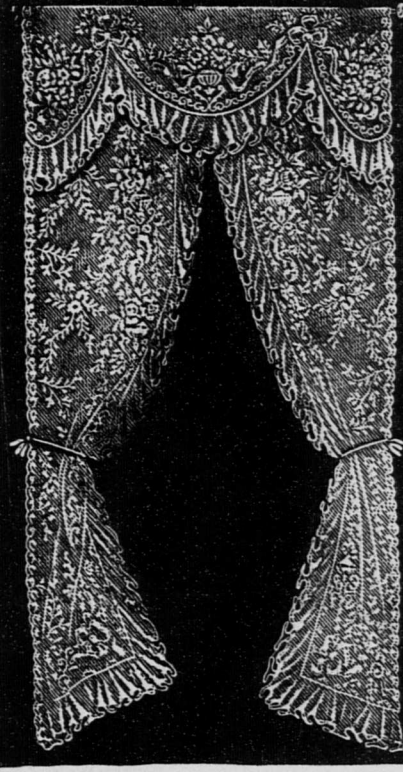
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# The Lilies of the Chancel

## An Easter Story

By Elizabeth Vore

From Sunset.

A stretch of azure sky, changing to the opal tints of evening; a smiling expanse of sea, with a long line of curling breakers lashing the sandy beach—that is what Rosa might have seen as she stood by the calla lily hedge, with the faint breeze stirring the magnolia blossoms.

Yet it is doubtful if she saw anything. Her eyes held a dreamy far-away look, and the waving green branches outlined like lacework against the evening sky, the wind-ruffled stretch of sea and the scent of the wilderness of bloom were lost upon her.

In her arms was a profusion of lilies, spray upon spray, almost more than her slender arms could carry, for the morrow was Easter day. Tall and stately as a lily herself, Rosa stood, lost in meditation, her face scarcely less fair and pure than the waxen blossoms, and as colorless, save for the scarlet mouth with its haughty curves. A pure, proud face was hers, and cold as the white mist that, like a dim squadron, was stealthily marching in from the sea.

On the still, languorous air, suddenly a clear, sweet note rang out—the chiming of the old mission bells. The sacred music reached Rosa's ears, arousing her from her reverie. Disengaging one slender hand she made the sign of the cross; her lips moved silently.

There was a sound near at hand of slow, halting footsteps. A man, young, but of haggard countenance, was approaching under the shadow of the acacias.

But Rosa only heard the vesper chiming.

Nearer the man drew until he stood humbly before her, his head bowed, his shabby hat in his trembling hand.

He raised his eyes, full of dumb wisdom and despair of a tortured soul was in them. He stood motionless, as on awaiting his sentence.

Sweet and high the chiming of the bells arose and fell. Something like a sob escaped the man's lips; his thin, brown fingers worked convulsively.



"IN HER ARMS WAS A PROFUSION OF LILIES."

As if from a dream, Rosa started and turned her sombre eyes upon him. A swift crimson flooded her face and suddenly receded, leaving it as white as the lilies upon her heaving bosom.

"Diego."

The name fell involuntarily from her unwilling lips.

"It is I, Rosa mia," faltered the man, huskily.

She raised her head proudly and stepped back a pace; her beautiful mouth hardened.

He lifted his hand with a swift motion of pain and arrested the unspoken words upon her lips.

"Nay, spare me, I beseech thee, carita; it is not to trouble thee that I am here. Only the desire to see thee face to face and ask thy forgiveness before I go away forever hath lent me courage. I cannot live near thee and know that I have lost thee. Tell me, adorador, by the love thy distal once bear me, that thou wilt forgive me, unworthy though I am."

"Thou," she cried in cold scorn. "Thou hast dared to come to me after all thy dishonor and crime. Know I not—is it not known to all the town—that only thy uncle's name and money saved thee from just punishment in prison? And once I plighted my troth—I once believed that I loved such a one as thou."

The man bowed his head on his hands and groaned aloud.

"Dios," he muttered, "it is more than I can bear. I know that I have been adjudged guilty of theft, yet, it was for

the outcast, the despised, the heart-broken?

Suddenly his eyes caught the white gleam of waxen blossoms upon his breast; a great awe entered his face.

"Jesu Maria," he murmured. "The lilies of the chancel."

"Nay, but thine own, Diego mio," sobbed Rosa, brokenly. Her arms were about him, her tears were upon his face. "Thine own, adorador," she whispered tremulously; "all thine—the lilies of Diego. I have robbed the altar for thy dear sake."

"This is the day of resurrection," said the Padre, solemnly.

"Madre de Christo," the people muttered. "It is a miracle."

And it was—a miracle of love.

### EASTER AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

**Time Honored Practice of Letting the Children of Washington Roll Eggs on President's Grounds.**

Easter Monday in Washington is an event in the lives of the children which is ahead of any other day in the year excepting Christmas and Fourth of July.

Why? Because Easter Monday means egg-rolling. For many years the little ones of Washington have congregated by the hundreds and thousands to roll eggs Easter Monday in the beautiful grounds surrounding the home of the President of the nation. There is no sign to keep off the grass and there are no restrictions. The children own the place. The green grass of the White House lawns is covered with children, children innumerable, rolling eggs on the grassy slopes.

If the day is pleasant it is a sight to be remembered. The children have been looking forward to the festival for days and weeks and great has been their anticipation. But genuine is the sorrow and many the tears among the little ones if Easter Sunday should be cold and rainy with promise of a bad Monday. Yet no weather has ever been so bad as to keep everyone away from the White House grounds on egg-rolling day. There are many hardy little spirits who will not be daunted by snow or cold or rain when it comes to rolling eggs.

If the day is pleasant and the air balmy and the turf warm and green, what a time the children have. Such games as they invent to play with their eggs—games of infinite variation containing infinite amusement. The grounds look more like a juvenile fair than anything else—an egg fair and the biddy hens around Washington must needs have been very diligent for many days before. If the day is fair, too, the glorious Marine Band, the finest band in the country, plays sweet music, and the children dance and gambol to its strains. Truly it is children's day in Washington.

### Wonderfully Colored Eggs.

By 9 o'clock in the morning the grounds are actually taken possession of by the youngsters, little kids with wicker baskets and vari-colored eggs, wonderful eggs of green and blue and red and purple and gold and then eggs of lovely combination, and with beautiful figures, such as would make a wise hen cock her head on one side and wonder greatly what happened to her plain white eggs.

All sorts and conditions of children find their way to the President's grounds to enjoy Easter Monday. Some of the children are beautifully dressed in silks and laces and have French nurses to watch over them and carry their eggs for them, while other little ones are dressed in very shabby garments with elbows out and toes peeping from their little shoes. They perhaps have only three or four plainly colored eggs boiled in a piece of purple or red calico. No French nurses accompany them, carrying eggs with gilt pictures, but they can roll their eggs and themselves on the green grass and soil their frocks and trousers to their heart's content, and they will enjoy the holiday perhaps more than their more fortunate companions. Usually the mothers of these little men and women come with them, tired-faced women often, looking as though it had been a long day since they had enjoyed such a time. Here and there are little groups of mothers and older sisters, talking together pleasantly, but keeping watchful eyes to see that the little ones do not get lost in the crowd or stray too far away.

### Not Afraid of the Policeman.

It is a good natured crowd. The big policemen standing around possess no terror for the little ones on egg-rolling day. They know that all that big policemen are for on Easter, is to keep grown up people from interfering with the little ones who are rolling eggs. And when the little people get lost now and then, the big policemen are there to take them in charge and tell them not to cry until their mothers and sisters find them again. Then there are great rivalries among the children. Some of them are regular little gamblers. One little fellow gets hold of a very hard egg and he goes around picking eggs with his acquaintances or acquaintances he finds, and wins their eggs from them until finally he strikes some other little fellow who has a harder egg than his, and then he loses a lot of eggs.

And some of the little rascals gamble on what is a "sure thing," with a china egg, sized and painted to resemble a genuine egg, or with a hen's egg run full of plaster of paris they will go around, and, of course win all the eggs they contest for, until some sharp little fellow finds out the game they are playing. As the day advances and the children get hungry, the peanut man and the popcorn man and the candy man at the gates do a thriving business, while at noon, many are the little groups under the trees, sitting around on blankets and shawls and eating lunches, for they are making a regular picnic of it and staying all day.

**The Children of Presidents.**

President Harrison's two grand children witnessed, with great enjoyment, the egg-rolling from the porch of the White House facing toward the Washington monument and looking past and across the Potomac to Arlington, the former home of General Lee, but where now are spread the silent tents of a vast host of the Union army who have passed across to the great beyond.

President Cleveland's two little girls, Ruth and Esther, were real little democrats. They took their own eggs and went out among the crowd of happy children, and they rolled eggs with the other children, as common clay as their associates, not the children of the President of the United States, but the children of an American citizen. Perhaps a little extra watch was kept over them, but they didn't know it and they thought that Easter Monday was the happiest day in their little lives.

The Roosevelt children are past the age of egg-rolling; but they enjoy with the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, watching the gay throng of youngsters who romp over the White House grounds on Easter Mondays.

There was a time however, when the children of Washington did not roll eggs on the President's grounds. Not that they did not roll eggs though. Oh no! They have always rolled eggs on Easter Monday. But they used to roll them in the Capitol grounds, down the steep terrace which was on the west front of the Capital. Then there came a time when the Capitol grounds were changed, and a big flight of steps built where the terrace used to be, and some dyspeptic in Congress objected to the children romping on the smooth grass of the big sward and rolling their eggs.

General Hayes was President then, and he heard of it, and how disappointed the children were because they had no place to roll their eggs that year, and the kindly man said: "Why let them roll their eggs on the White House grounds and enjoy themselves." And thus it has been ever since, from year to year.

### Braved Death Valley.

Nevada Woman Penetrated Fastness for Wealth—Was Accompanied by Only Half Breed.

### POMPEII, THE VALIANT.

Story of the Hero of a Hundred Bad Runaways.

Pompeii, of the New York mounted police squad, and one of the most intelligent members of the force, was retired from active service the other day. When the stroke of the auctioneer's hammer put the big bay out of service, he was saved from the ragman's cart and night hawk cab by the devotion of his fifteen-year friend and comrade, Mounted Policeman Redmond P. Kersey, of the West 152d street police station.

Pompeii had spent nearly twenty years in the service and knew the rules of the department better than many a roundsman. He was the show horse of the force. Catching runaways was his business, but mathematics was his diversion. He could add, subtract, divide and multiply, and for years had been a source of delight to the school children along Seventh Avenue, where he was on duty between 110th and 153d streets.

The children would gather around Pompeii in the afternoons and talk to him.

### Good at Mental Arithmetic.

When a sum in arithmetic was given him Pompeii would listen attentively to the figures, ponder over them for a moment, and then announce the answer by striking the ground with his left forefoot. If the answer was the half of something Pompeii indicated it by bending his foreleg at the knee and holding it for a moment. His friends insist that he could tell time by looking at a watch and announce the hour and half hour in the same way as he did his sums.

Playing with the children was by no means the best part of Pompeii's service. The records show that he and his master have stopped more than a hundred runaways in the last fifteen years. In several instances lives were saved. Policeman Kersey and Pompeii have been almost inseparable ever since the latter joined the force. Again and again the comrades were parted for a short time when Kersey was transferred from one precinct to another, but each time the policeman managed to have his favorite sent after him.

### Hurt While Stopping Runaway.

A short time before the arrival of Prince Henry in New York, Pompeii was badly hurt while stopping a runaway at Seventh Avenue and 125th street. Two days later, while acting as a guide for the Prince some dirt got in the wound and blood poisoning set in. Kersey managed to get placed on reserve duty and gave all his time to nursing Pompeii back to health. The police veterinary condemned the horse as unfit for duty, but Kersey managed to evade the decision for a few days. Then Pompeii made a spectacular run along the avenue and stopped a bad runaway in such style that nothing more was said about retirement.

The fatal day was only put off, however, and last month the big bay was sold at auction at the stables of the West 152d street station. Kersey was on hand with \$400, the ready money he could scrape together, determined not to be separated from his old friend.

### Hurt While Stopping Runaway.

Kersey himself bears some scars gained in the fierce rushes he has made with Pompeii. Five years ago his right leg was broken in two places, and two years ago his neck was wrenched and his skull nearly smashed in. Both injuries were received while with Pompeii's aid he was stopping dangerous runaways.

Only one man had the heart to bid against Kersey so he ransomed his old friend for \$50, about twice what he was worth said the veterinary.

Then Kersey started on a vacation. When last heard from he was spending it on a bit of a farm he has at Rye, N. Y., and with him went Pompeii, happy in his last transfer.

The average annual consumption of popcorn in the United States is three hundred carloads.

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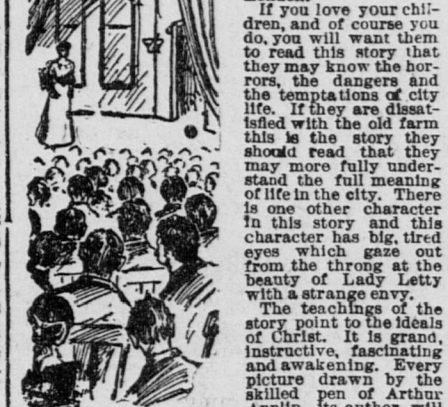


Lady Letty, the nineteen year old daughter of the Duke of Marlborough, goes into the East end of London and lives among the poor. A thrilling story of life in the greatest city in the world; it should be read by everyone desiring to learn of the great secrets and sufferings and weaknesses of human nature. Every sentence of this story has a thrill. The heroine—A FEELS GIRL OF THE aristocracy. HER ENEMIES—The Criminals of the city and her own family. THE HERO—Lord Arthur, considered a stupid fool. OTHER CHARACTERS—Commissioner of the Salvation Army, FLORIE GRAY—An East End friend of Letty's.

You should read this story, and if you live in the country, you should have your children read it, so they may understand what life in a big city really means. They should read it to learn what Lady Letty learned in her effort to reform London's rascals. As you read this wonderful narrative of the conditions of life in a great city, you appreciate more fully the blessings of the country.

The squalor and sufferings are pictured by the author of this wonderful story; the men and women searching the turnstiles, reaching out and saving lost souls; also the great work of the Salvation Army. Lady Letty becomes so strangely fascinated by the new views of life that she abandons her own palatial home, forsakes and denounces the aristocracy and takes up her life among the lower elements of modern life. The story fascinates strangely but it also educates. It is the greatest English story ever written. It has been the cause of the London city government recognizing the wonderful work of the Salvation Army in extending the Gospel to the poor. Both the freedom of London.

If you love your children, and of course you do, you will want them to read this story that they may know the horrors, the dangers and the temptations of city life. If they are dissatisfied with the old farm life, the story they should read that they may more fully understand the full meaning of life in the city. There is one other character in this story and this character has big, tired eyes which gaze out from the old farm life, the story they should read that they may more fully understand the full meaning of life in the city. There is one other character in this story and this character has big, tired eyes which gaze out from the old farm life, the story they should read that they may more fully understand the full meaning of life in the city.



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